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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 4, 1912.

The Week

Woodrow Wilson's nomination at Baltimore on Tuesday was a vivid illustration of one of the doctrines which he has long preached. This is the doctrine that the American people are capable of taking charge of their own affairs. Neither in politics nor in great business do they need little cliques of self-satisfied men wise in their own conceit to tell them what they must do. All the people know more than any one man or set of men. Their mature verdict is sounder. So it certainly was in the Democratic Convention. All the supposedly astute managers, all the veteran brokers in politics, were against Wilson. He had no one but the amateurs to take charge of his fortunes. But they had zeal, devotion, and quenchless hope. And behind them was that slowly forming but finally irresistible sentiment of the average delegate, aided and enlightened by the telegraphed appeals of average citizens at home, which at last made the popular will felt and snatched victory from what appeared to be destined defeat. In nominating Wilson the great body of the party rose up to assert itself against the professional compellers of conventions, who had kindly undertaken to dispatch the business.

The result is to make him his own man as few candidates have ever been. He has not had to strike hands behind the arras with a single boss. No pledges have been exacted from him. He has not been compelled to hamper and fetter himself in advance. It was not a series of trades and dickerings which brought him to the head of the poll at Baltimore, but simply the deepening of the general conviction, until it became invincible, that he was the candidate best fitted to lead the party at this juncture. His nomination, thus achieved, not only leaves him erect and unclogged, but discovers an array of defeated and discredited bosses almost without a parallel. They lay in heaps all along the Wilson trail. This fact, known of all men, is what makes Mr. Roosevelt's impudence so delicious in saying that Wilson cannot meet the crisis because

he will be necessarily in the hands of the bosses. All that is necessary to meet this ridiculous and gangrened charge is to pronounce the name of one man—Jim Smith. If Roosevelt ventures to repeat his absurd charge about Wilson and the bosses—obviously all that he can think of in the first moments of his keen disappointment over Wilson's nomination—people will only laugh at the man who chooses to forget his own submission to Platt and Quay, and Wilson's flinging of Smith over the party breastworks. Of all assertions to make against Woodrow Wilson, Theodore Roosevelt has chosen the most preposterous.

How absurd to ask Mr. Roosevelt whether Gov. Wilson's nomination makes any difference in the Colonel's plans! How can anything at any time affect any of his plans? "I never go into a fight on a contingent basis," said the Colonel on Tuesday. "I shall, of course, continue to stand for the Progressive nomination." Mr. Roosevelt dealt a body blow to contingency when he announced last winter that he would be a candidate at Chicago if the people wanted him. He hit contingency on the solar plexus when he declared at Chicago that there would be a third party, if the people wanted it, and that he would lead the third party, if no one else was chosen. All his life the Colonel has been slugging contingency through the ropes with his "ifs" and his "provideds," his "on the one hand," and his raging distinctions between the man who this and the man who that. There is nothing contingent about the words of a man throughout whose proclamations an initial loud defiance trails behind it a flock of very meek qualifications. No, the Colonel never goes into a fight on a contingency; his preference is for a sure thing.

Tammany has before now been exposed to contumely in Democratic National Conventions. In 1884 it was the Wigwam leaders, with their wonderful instinct for getting into opposition to the man who promised to save their party, that Gen. Bragg referred to in his famous phrase about Grover Cleveland: "We love him for the enemies he has made." Again in 1892, when the Tam-

many delegation went to Chicago tied up—like to like—to the fortunes of David B. Hill, 'ts members were almost mobbed in the streets and were, throughout the Convention, made the object of abuse and execration. But it was reserved for this year at Baltimore to bring the New York Democracy to the pitch of hostility and contempt. The Tammany display of incompetence has been masterly, and has so gone on from initial blunder to succeeding futility as to arouse the suspicion that the intention from the start was to make New York an absolute nullity in the Convention. Certainly, no set of men have ever been called upon to sit day after day in a National Convention exposed to such objurgation and insult as have beaten upon the defenceless heads of Murphy and his dazed and angry followers.

Still another Progressive Republican leader from a Progressive Republican State has announced that he has no use for a third party. This time it is Senator Works, from Gov. Johnson's and Frank J. Heney's California. What Senator Works put into words on Monday has been in the minds of many Progressive Republicans ever since the Chicago bolt that is not yet a bolt, but soon will be, perhaps. Even from the Progressive standpoint is it worth risking the entire future of the Republican party for the sake of anticipating victory by four years? With no third party in the field two things are certain: the defeat of Mr. Taft and the complete capture of the Republican party by the Progressives in time for the next campaign. With a third party in the field the outlook is not merely defeat, but such complete disruption as will leave the Democratic party in undisputed ascendancy for years to come. And thus the thought forces itself upon the mind of the leaders: Mr. Roosevelt cannot afford to wait till 1916, but the Progressive element in the Republican party can afford to do so. Why should the permanent advantage of the Progressive movement be sacrificed to the immediate necessities of Oyster Bay?

One point in La Follette's sharp and highly effective arraignment of Theodore Roosevelt has peculiar force. La

Follette concedes the Colonel a vast popularity, but argues that his very popularity shows that he is not a real Progressive. In the nature of things, the Progressive movement in Illinois and Pennsylvania should not have won. What Roosevelt did in those States was to rally behind him those who felt that, not Progressivism, but Roosevelt, was a winner. The course of the Colonel's campaign justifies La Follette. It began with at least the pretence of principles. There was the new Magna Charta proclaimed at Columbus. Then it narrowed itself down to the question of Presidential primaries. Then it narrowed itself further to the question of getting Roosevelt delegates in any fashion. Then it tapered down further still to the question of preventing any other Progressive than Roosevelt from getting the nomination for the Presidency. Gov. Hadley's statement that the Taft people were willing to accept any Progressive candidate proves that the great fight for the people had resolved itself into a campaign of utter selfishness. To this extent, to be sure, the Colonel was justified: no other Progressive could show financial backing to the amount of \$3,000,000 for a mere primary campaign.

It should not be overlooked that the Republican tariff plank quietly dropped the great discovery of 1908 that customs duties should be levied in accordance with the difference in "the cost of production," at home and abroad. Whether the phrase was devised as merely one more protectionist juggle, or was honestly intended—as no doubt it was by President Taft—time has shown that it was worthless in practice. So it has now been discarded. Attacked from the first by economists, who maintained that it set up a standard impossible of precise ascertainment, it was little by little perceived by practical men to be elusive and fallacious. Even the Tariff Board, composed of men who wrestled honestly and intelligently with the problem, was forced to inform Congress that it had found a "wide difference in efficiency and cost" among American mills. No fixed "cost of production," high or low, could be taken safely as the basis for tariff legislation. As Representative Redfield pointed out in his admirable tariff speech in the House:

Costs cannot be predicated on a few mills or a short period. Already in some of the mills on which report is made the

facts given are altered. The Tariff Board has come, lived its feverish and troubled life, and will turn over its work to a more efficient and continuous successor, which will, we trust, learn from its career that industrial problems cannot be grasped with a "hop, skip, and jump," and that, in manufacturing, the unseen rather than the obvious facts are controlling.

But the experiment has not been in vain. If we have learned that it is as wrong to tax ourselves to support inefficient mills as to sustain incompetent doctors and lawyers. Attention having been called to the cost of production, we have found that to be a complex and difficult subject, variable in nature and multiform in character. Even by those who have long studied the science of costs, the exact relations of its various elements are not always known.

To the Socialists the possibility of a third party with Mr. Roosevelt at the head is naturally a source of apprehension. They have always suffered whenever a Radical candidate has been in the field. Hearst cut into their New York city vote in 1905, and Bryan's candidacy four years ago made a sad disappointment of the confident Socialist hope for a million votes in the country. With progressive ideals triumphant in the country and the Colonel standing ready to offer as sharp a brand of radicalism as may be necessary, the Socialists are menaced in their monopoly as the party of protest. Their leaders recognize, however, that the issue between revolutionary Socialism and progressivism must be fought out some time, and the sooner the trial is made the better for the future of the party. If the acid test of Rooseveltism leaves them as strong as they are to-day, they will not be unduly downcast.

The Sulzer bill "for the improvement of the foreign service" is being pressed for passage by commercial organizations, as well as by all those who wish to see efficiency and not favor the rule of appointment and promotion in all branches of the Government. The specific provisions of the bill are few and simple. The first one is that appointments of secretaries in the diplomatic service and of consular officers may be to grades instead of to places. Under the absurd arrangement that we have followed from the foundation of the Government, if a consulate at one place ceases to be necessary, the President may close it, but he may not use the consul at another place, where he may be greatly needed, until Congress gets around to creating a con-

sulate there. A secretary of embassy cannot even be transferred temporarily from an underworked post to one that is being overworked—unless he chooses to take the risk of losing his pay. For the salary attaches, not to the man, but to the office. How long would any but a governmental organization have continued so foolish a practice? Then the bill directs the Secretary of State to report to the President from time to time, along with his recommendations for promotion or transfer, the names of officers or employees who have demonstrated special efficiency, and also the names of persons who have shown fitness for appointment in examinations. The idea in this section is evidently that repeated hints in the right direction may avail something with an indifferent Executive, while furnishing the requisite machinery for one of the proper sort. And, finally, provision is made for these examinations.

The action of the Federation of Women's Clubs, now assembled in convention at San Francisco, in voting to inaugurate a movement to substitute artistic and humorous supplements in place of the present vulgar "comics" of our Sunday newspapers, will at first glance seem to many newspaper publishers a good joke. They will insist that they are merely giving the people what they want, and will then prove it to you by showing you the enormous circulation gains a newspaper makes when it turns to the coarse and vulgar pages that pass for wit. It clearly comes down to a matter of dollars and cents. If the women's clubs can so arouse public opinion as to make the newspapers feel it, there will be a prompt improvement. That this education of the popular taste will take a long, long while, is apparent when one recalls the masses of readers in all our large cities who find their chief mental relaxation in the silly adventures of some caricaturist's creation.

Telegraph companies seem to have got their eyes open to the advantage of having rates that will induce the public to make greater use of their lines. The announcement that in certain zones the charge will hereafter be 30 cents instead of 40 is the best possible evidence of the success of the low-rate "day and night letter" arrangement, which the of-

ficials undertook with misgivings some months ago. The new rate, in its turn, while not nearly so great a boon as the opportunity of these "letters," will doubtless promptly justify itself in the figures of gross and net earnings. Taken in connection with the reduction made a year or more ago in the charge for upper berths in sleeping-cars, these decreases afford what solace there may be in the lowering of the cost of some luxuries as a set-off against the rise in the price of a good many necessities.

At least one member of the United States Supreme Court is not sold body and soul to the powers of reaction. Justice Holmes's eyes are not always turned steadfastly towards the past. "As I look about me in this country to-day," Justice Holmes told the students at Williams College, "I find that the young men are better than we were at their age." The ancient grievances of youth against its elders do not hold to-day. The tradition of timid old age laying a palsied hand on the ardent spirit of youth is completely outworn. Mid-Victorian parents may have believed that their sons were going to the devil, and may have tried to keep them back. The modern parent does something more than abstain from holding his children back. He gives them free rein. He pays them the express compliment of confessing that they are better than he was at their age. He pays them the implicit compliment of imitating them. It is a churlish young generation that would sneer at those whom only the accident of birth has made their elders.

The Cuban uprising seems to be rapidly nearing its end. The matter is one for self-congratulation in this country. In Cuba, as in Mexico, it has been shown that if the sinister play of foreign influences be cut off, and if the constituted authorities feel secure against unwarranted intervention by our Government, our neighbors may be depended upon to fight out their own troubles. The chronic disorder that obtains in parts of Latin America is one thing. The crises that every nation must pass through before it attains self-discipline, are something quite different. This does not positively assert that Cuba and Mexico are in a class apart from the rest of the Caribbean republics. But there is sufficient reason for believing them dif-

ferent, to justify their being given a fair chance. In the case of Mexico there are the very best reasons for believing that a new era will follow the severe test the country is now passing through. And in Cuba, too, the suppression of the present uprising without the intervention of the United States will act as a double discouragement to revolutionary ambitions in the future.

Whether the collapse of the Orozco insurrection has actually come or is to be delayed for a few days, there is little reason for doubting that the authority of the Madero Government will soon be firmly established in Mexico, and that the country will set tranquilly about working out the serious problems that confront it. The magnitude of the task can hardly be overestimated. It behoves President Madero to restore, in the first place, the habit of public order which the long ascendancy of Porfirio Diaz had imposed on the people. But whereas, under Diaz, order was obtained by the sacrifice of popular freedom and the serious oppression of the laboring classes, it is for Madero to set the Mexican people on the way towards solving the problem of combining internal peace with a fair measure of self-government and far-reaching social reforms. It is not only the evils of the Diaz régime that have to be undone. The unwarranted hopes aroused by the uprising against Diaz must be held in check. Neither free political institutions nor such an agrarian reconstruction as Mexico stands in need of can be worked out in a month or a year. The future of the Mexican people is still beset with uncertainties. But it is now fairly well assured that for some time to come the present Government will be allowed to proceed with its task, unhampered by serious revolutionary disturbances.

The Franchise bill which has just been introduced in the House of Commons carries with it far-reaching changes. Aside from the possibility that it may become the vehicle for a woman-suffrage amendment, such as Mr. Asquith has pledged himself to accept, the direct questions dealt with in the bill are of the highest importance. The abolition of plural voting is, perhaps, the most outstanding feature, but the removal of the property qualification and

the reform of the registration rules will have a far broader effect. It is estimated that the bill would wipe out half a million plural votes. That makes about 800 votes to a constituency, and, inasmuch as the plural vote is supposed to be divided in the ratio of one Liberal vote to three Conservative, the loss would be considerable to the latter party. By reducing the registration period from a year to six months, the Government experts believe that no less than two million voters will be added to the electorate, and that is only one-half of the adult males who are at present disfranchised. There are more than 12,000,000 male persons above twenty-one years of age in England, and less than 8,000,000 names are on the register. So even the enactment of this proposed measure would leave the franchise something short of manhood suffrage. The advance, nevertheless, would be marked, and that is why the Franchise bill takes rank with Home Rule and Welsh Disestablishment in the forefront of the Government's coalition programme.

The apartment-house has at last reached Calcutta, and old inhabitants are shaking their heads over the passing of the day of spacious compounds and large-hearted hospitality. There was a time, says the *Englishman*, when everybody lived in a bungalow, kept troops of servants, rode horses, and spent leisure hours in sports and pastimes suited to the luxurious life of the planter in the tropics. In those days the idea of more than one family in a house would have been put aside as preposterous. But the entering wedge was the boarding-house, which sprang up as rents increased and smaller salaries were paid. This mode of living became very popular, so that Calcuttans of a former generation were driven to complain that Members of Council and heads of firms resided in single rooms cheek by jowl with their extreme juniors. Here was the beginning of the end of the extravagant hospitality and gayety that made Calcutta famous. "Where people once gave balls and large dinner-parties, they now collect a few friends for tea and tennis, after arguing with their co-tenants as to the use of the single-court tennis lawn, which has replaced the acres of garden that surrounded each house."

REMODELLING CONVENTIONS.

Every National Convention, like every opening new year, brings forth its crop of good resolutions. Unhappily, the analogy holds for a stage further, when we note the pitiful lack of practical results from all the discussions and decisions on what ought to be done. Twenty years have now passed since Patrick Collins of Massachusetts and a group of sympathetic colleagues tried to induce the Democratic party to adopt a rule limiting the attendance at its future National Conventions to the delegates and alternates, their outside officers, the National Committee, the working members of the press, and a few distinguished guests. The thought these gentlemen had was that the deliberations of a great party were a serious duty, to be undertaken in a spirit befitting their importance and conducted with proper dignity, instead of being turned into a raree-show for the benefit of a horde of curiosity-seekers, "fans," and "rooters," hotels and dramshops and ticket-scalpers. The movement was widely and heartily approved, but nothing was effected at the time, and before 1896 came around the lessons of 1892 had been forgotten.

This year's Conventions have merely emphasized the need of reform. As we have already pointed out, the one at Baltimore has shown that a Convention can be made both a workable and a deliberative body; can be unbossed, and as Bryan has made clear, that a delegate who knows how can get a hearing on the floor, whether the managers desire him to or not. Again, the Convention at Baltimore could have been made far more endurable for all concerned if business hours had been insisted upon. Why a Convention should meet at noon when it could just as well gather at 9 A. M., is not explained. Neither is an adjournment at 4 P. M. rational, on the ground that the delegates have sat for four hours; since, on reassembling at 8 P. M., they are compelled to remain in their seats for twelve hours listening to speeches no one wishes to hear, and to "demonstrations" as senseless as they are useless. The managers at first acted as if they must prolong the Convention; it was said that their contract with Baltimore required them to hold sittings for at least three days. But even when the deadlock was on, there was an effort to adjourn, as if for purposes of

dickering, when a vast majority of the delegates, as the vote showed, were ready to remain in their seats.

That the "demonstrations" could be pretty well controlled was also made evident. At least, a vigorous chairman could have prevented the carrying of banners, and notified the balconies that they would be cleared if any interference were attempted, while an agreement among the leaders of delegations would have prevented delegates from attempting to stampede the Convention. Again, the nominating speeches could well have been cut from thirty minutes to half that time. No such set speeches ever made a vote for a candidate, or ever will. By the time they are made every delegate knows how he is to vote. Moreover, these advocates of a candidate are much in the attitude of paid lawyers; hence their eulogies are discounted in advance. Everything that can be said in a man's favor is said long in advance of the nomination. To repeat it is to waste time. Certainly, fifteen minutes is long enough to brief any man's case. As for the demonstrations, ten or fifteen minutes of racket was thought wonderful in the days of Horatio Seymour, and it was regarded as a great achievement to swell this to twenty minutes for Grant and then to twenty-five or more minutes for the Plumed Knight of 1884. Now it is a question of rivalry. If one candidate gets an hour and five minutes of cheering, the friends of the next must give at least an hour and fifteen.

Turning from the matter of discipline and the procedure of the Convention, it is clear that the effect of binding instructions on State delegations is likely to be serious in the future if there continue to be several candidates in the field. It was frequently asked in Baltimore what would happen if, with Presidential primaries in virtually all the States, there should appear in the next Convention not two candidates as well-matched as Clark and Wilson, but four. Or, to put it differently, how would the existing deadlock have been broken if Harmon and Underwood had entered the Convention with about 200 votes each, pledged to stand by them until a majority of each delegation voted that their particular man had no chance of winning? Such instructions long prevented an agreement at Baltimore. What if there had been more of them? This is a vital question for the future of the

convention system, and for those who see in the Presidential preference primary the best way of obtaining the real expression of a party's desire as to its national leader. Some way out of this dilemma will have to be found. Meanwhile, if the National Convention is to remain, it should be reformed along the lines of Patrick Collins's suggestions of twenty years ago.

LEGISLATION BY "RIDER."

The recent revival of the project to limit tenure in the classified civil service in Washington to five years, shows how hard a vicious movement dies. Before the merit system had thoroughly entrenched itself in the good opinion of the public, the assaults upon it in Congress used to take the form either of bold repeal bills, which never escaped from the committee-room where they were solemnly placed on file, or of motions to strike out the appropriations for the Civil Service Commission, and thus starve to death an institution which could not be got rid of by more direct methods. The motion to strike out was always supported by Representatives of the Grosvenor stripe, and Senators with the proclivities of Gorman, as long as support could be confined to making speeches full of flings at an "office-holding aristocracy," and stories of absurdities in examinations which never had any foundation in fact; but a roll-call, putting every man on record, promptly drove the spoilsmen to cover and killed their scheme.

A dozen years of security have caused a great many of the clerks in the Washington departments to feel that they can afford to abandon their voting citizenship in their respective States and settle down as permanent residents of the District of Columbia. Here, then, is a large army of disfranchised citizens, powerless to retaliate upon the members of Congress who vote to put their positions back on the spoils list. Note the cleverness of the authors of the "rider" on the Sundry Civil Appropriation bill, in confining the effects of their proposed blow to this particular group, but leaving untouched the civil servants employed in the Federal offices in their several districts and still able to revenge themselves at the polls!

Though rejected by the Senate, the five-year tenure clause will remain a menace down to the last stages of the

bill's career; and if it passes the conference committee in the course of the trading to-and-fro between the two Houses, the responsibility for defeating it will be put up to the President. The only means open to him will be to veto the entire act. Such a dilemma faced President Cleveland just before the expiration of his second term. One of the last bills presented for his signature was the annual Indian budget, upon which a Western Senator had succeeded in grafting a very vicious mining job. In view of the short time given him for consideration, the President's simplest course would have been to let the bill become a law and leave his successor to wrestle with the sequel. But Mr. Cleveland had mighty little "soft" stuff in his composition. He killed the act, and, at the special session which immediately followed President McKinley's inauguration, a bill had to be rushed through Congress simply continuing the appropriations of the year before till a more satisfactory measure could be framed. But the next regular Indian appropriation bill was free from the taint which had stirred Mr. Cleveland's righteous wrath.

Of course, the most obvious way of correcting this continually recurrent evil, with its incentive to log-rolling and its embarrassments for a right-feeling President, is to keep the annual supply bills clean of elements which do not belong in them. The moment any such bill is permitted to carry "riders," good or bad, the doors are opened for abuses of all sorts. Unhappily, the difficulty of inducing Congress to pay reasonable attention to independent measures of constructive legislation has led even the most scrupulous members to wink at the practice of attaching a progressive amendment here and there to some item in a budget. Such a device is always subject to a point of order in the first stage of a bill's consideration; but often the floor leaders are persuaded, by appeals to their good nature or threats of filibustering tactics later, to ignore an opportunity to make the point, unless the amendment contains a feature manifestly abominable. And so the bill comes up for final passage with a lot of alien matter clinging to it. By that time nearly everybody is tired out, and objections which might otherwise find voice are waived for the sake of getting through with the matter.

In this era of overhauling and revi-

sion, it seems strange that nobody has urged one Constitutional amendment which would be enormously valuable to the whole people, and which has been tested with good results on a smaller scale. In New York and a dozen other States the Governor's veto power extends to items in an appropriation bill. The same power should be conferred upon the President, whose sphere of activity is many times as broad as that of any Governor, and who is confronted with problems correspondingly momentous. A reform of that sort would surely appeal to the rank and file of the taxpayers, to whom it would probably mean a saving of millions every year. It would mean also an increased concentration of responsibility; so that we should no longer force upon our Chief Magistrate a share in our lawmaking, and hold him to that extent accountable for the joint product of Congress and himself, while denying him one tool, at least, with which to perform his part of the work acceptably.

CORPORATIONS AND PUBLICITY.

The remedy which the *Review of Reviews* brings forward as a cure for public hostility towards the corporations lacks freshness to-day. We are now moving forward at a speed which makes it seem decades since it was first suggested that the general mistrust of corporate ideals and methods could be removed if the corporations and the public could be brought together for a heart-to-heart talk. This solution was based on the thoroughly sound theory that misunderstanding is at the bottom of every strained situation existing among men and groups of men. The muckraker had intensified popular suspicion of the corporations. The only thing for the corporations to do was to take the public into their confidence. The public is not unreasonable. Let corporate capital take the citizen by the buttonhole and say: "Here is what we do and are trying to do, if you will give us a chance, and here is what we cannot do at present without being driven into bankruptcy; be fair with us and be patient." The great public-service institutions would better themselves by substituting for the old policy of the people be damned, the new policy of the people be informed.

The theory was sound and there were enlightened corporations which hasten-

ed to adopt the practice of justification by words. But unfortunately the corporations, as a rule, have adopted a very superficial interpretation of publicity. They have used the advertising columns for pleasant little chats with their customers. They have assured the public that the corporations are really the public's corporations, and they have tried to show in how many ways the companies have been trying to minister to the general welfare and comfort. We have had amiable, insinuating little confidences which are really no confidences at all. The public's memory is not always short. In New York, for instance, people remember very well how every improvement on the city railways has been fought by the managers on the ground that the financial condition of the companies would not permit it. But no attempt was made to throw open the corporation books in order to prove the point. The motormen on the surface cars in winter had to risk their health and lives because vestibuled cars meant ruin for the company. The vestibuled cars came at last, but the published history of the Metropolitan Company showed that it was not the cost of the new cars that threw the city railway into bankruptcy. Side-doors in the subway had to be fought for; fans had to be fought for; even decent lighting in the subway had to be fought for. We have these improvements now, and the Interborough is not threatened with insolvency. What could publicity have done for the Interborough when the public was demanding these improvements? Real publicity would have shown that the company could afford to make the changes and that it refused to do so only in a spirit of greed.

One other point must not be overlooked. When we speak of public hostility to the corporations, it should be remembered that it is against the great nation-wide aggregates of capital that this hostility is chiefly directed. When we speak of the evil influence of the corporations on our civic and economic life we think of the Standard Oil, the Tobacco Trust, the Sugar Trust, and the railways. It is absurd to speak of real publicity in this connection. It is delightful to imagine the Sugar Trust taking the public into its confidence and whispering into its ear all the interesting secrets that the public has recently found out by the roundabout way of the

Federal Courts. It is pleasing to think of publicity and the Standard Oil, that garrulous concern, whose officials on the witness stand, during the last forty years, have had a positive mania for blurting out their innermost thoughts. One can imagine how delighted the Tobacco Trust would be to lay before the public the innocent little methods by which it has made its way in the world. And when we come to the railways, with their interesting little tangles of directors who are also express company directors and rail-mill directors and road-supply directors—why, it is quite plain that any railway would be perfectly happy to expose its inside workings to the public.

When the *Review of Reviews* speaks of corporation publicity, it does not mean publicity at all, but corporation courtesy. And, as a matter of fact, courtesy, in a broad sense, is what the public demands of its local service corporations. There will be crises, of course, when the public will insist on real publicity, as when the battle for the three-cent fare was raging in Cleveland. At that time it was a specific question of earnings, expenditure, and profit, and the statistics were fought out in the newspapers. But what the public wants year in and year out is not publicity, but decent service. When a corporation shows itself willing to meet a reasonable public demand halfway; when it stops making foolish protestations of its inability to do things which a half-year later it does very easily and profits by; when, in other words, it tries to serve as well as to make dividends, there will be no need for confidential little talks with the public.

EXCAVATING A STATESMAN.

There is a form of archaeology which is pursued with great vigor in the heat of political campaigns and parliamentary battles. It consists in the digging up of a public man's past. This exercise differs from the science of archaeology proper in several respects. In the first place, the work is always carried on by a man's enemies, whereas Troy and Tiryns and Cnossus have all been dug up by lovers of antiquity. In the second place, the object is different. The scientific archaeologist always sets out with the purpose of ascertaining the bond of unity between the past and the present. The political archaeologist al-

ways searches into the past in order to prove the present a liar. Like Schliemann and Flinders Petrie, he loves to lay bare one level below the other in a great career. From this stratum he uncovers a letter written in a moment of indiscreet confidence. Deeper down he discloses a damaging roll-call. Deeper still he finds a youthful literary work giving voice to sentiments quite opposite to those displayed on the topmost stratum of the public man's career. And the more violent the contrasts between the various culture levels, the greater is the satisfaction of the man with the spade. The mute evidences of catastrophic change which make the historian ponder over the vicissitudes of civilization are hailed with joy by the partisan investigator of political records of the past.

It is a business that can be sadly overdone. In theory there is no better way of confuting a man than by the words of his own mouth. In practice, it depends on how deep down into a man's past one has gone to work his confusion. It also depends on the nature of the clash between a public man's present and his past. Between the turncoat and the statesman who has moved with the times there are many gradations. Before accusing a man of having changed his mind, there should be at least *prima facie* evidence that the earlier state of mind was the right one. It has become an effective mode of debate for a man to acknowledge that he has changed, and that he is glad of it. Bismarck made classic use of the argument nearly thirty years ago:

It does not in the least affect the intrinsic merit of the proposition from the point of view of Imperial interests, if the gentleman should show that my present position is inconsistent with views formerly expressed. . . . As a matter of fact, there is no such inconsistency, as I shall show. But even if there were, what does it prove? I can only reply that there are a great many people who during an entire lifetime have given birth to just one idea, with which they have never fallen into contradiction. I do not belong to that class. I learn from life, I learn as long as I live, I am learning to-day.

An effective rejoinder, and one that has been made a thousand times, though it may be pointed out that to use it with full effect one must be Bismarck.

Just where is one to find the safe middle ground between the Bourbonism that refuses to change and learn, and the demagogism that shifts and veers to every breath of fortune? Success usual-

ly intervenes to confuse the issue. One who would have been a demagogue in failure is an evolutionary statesman in success. But in general it is a fair enough rule to say that a public man shall be given broad scope in matters of opinion, but should be held sharply to account on matters of fact. It is recorded of a celebrated American that when he became a candidate for a high Federal office, he was much perturbed over the fact that he had years before written a book in which he spoke harshly of a certain religious sect. A shrewd man of politics before whom the case was laid, advised against sophistication in the matter. "Just say you were very young when you wrote that." Usually that would be enough. But when it is a question of reconciling, not contradictory expressions of opinion, but the divergence between promise and accomplishment, there is every reason why public men should be held to strict accountability. A statesman may evolve from conservatism to radicalism without having his motives impugned. But when a statesman declares that under no circumstances will he do a thing, and does it, the plea of a changed outlook will not hold as an excuse. The violation of a pledge can never be explained away. The most a statesman can do is to ask his opponents what they intend to do about it. In that there is a certain picturesque strength, but to put the debate on moral grounds is absurd.

Contemporary politics supplies interesting examples of men who in the course of time have drifted far from their original moorings. Joseph Chamberlain began as a radical and a republican and has changed to an imperialist Tory. In France, MM. Briand and Millerand have developed from anarchism and socialism, respectively, into very safe Ministerial timber. When Briand, as President of the Cabinet, set out to suppress the great railway strike with the aid of the army, M. Jaurès republished a pamphlet written by Briand in favor of the general strike as the surest means of ushering in the social revolution. But even in such a case a man may shrug his shoulders and say, "I think differently now." Yet no amount of thinking differently will absolve a man from changing "I won't" into "I will" and "I will" into "I won't."

ROUSSEAU IN ENGLAND.

One of the results of the celebration of the Rousseau centenary in France—or, possibly, of the Franco-British *entente*—has been the translation into French of the volume of the late Churton Collins, "Voltaire, Montesquieu, and Rousseau in England." It is the third part of the work to which the French critics are naturally paying the most attention just now. It was a picturesque episode in Rousseau's life—more picturesque than important, one would say. He had no particular sympathy with English ideas. He could not speak a word of English. He passed his year (1766-67) in England, not because he was drawn there by the curiosity of an investigator or student, but simply because, to him, as to so many other Continental agitators or disturbers of the political peace, the island home of liberty offered a refuge.

Rousseau, at the end of 1765, was in an awkward and even perilous position. The Parliament at Paris had decreed the arrest of the author of "Emile." He thought to retire to Geneva, but she refused to harbor him. Berne was of the same mind. He repaired to Motiers, which was then under the sovereignty of the King of Prussia, but even there sentiment was strongly against him, and he retreated to the Lake of Bienna. But there, too, he was not left to his peaceful meditations. A formal order of the Government required him to depart. He thought for a time of fleeing to Corsica, but at the critical moment Madame de Boufflers transmitted to him an invitation from David Hume to accompany him to London, and Rousseau accepted it.

The passage of the Channel in January by the two philosophers was more than traditionally trying. They were twelve terrible hours in crossing from Calais. It is amusing to note that the cool and impassive Hume was deathly seasick, and lay groaning in his berth all the way over, while the excitable and neurasthenic Rousseau stayed on deck, wet to the skin and half-frozen, but doubtless surrendering himself to the most thrilling emotions. What some of them were may be imagined from the fact that the moment the ship touched land, Rousseau burst into tears, threw his arms about Hume, and hailed him as the saviour who had led him to the soil of freedom. One fancies

that this did not help Hume to get over his seasickness. Indeed, as is well known, Rousseau was a pretty formidable guest for the Scotch philosopher. The Frenchman's eccentricities, almost running at times into manias, his suspicions and his vacillations, made him as "gey ill to live with" as Carlyle, or even more. The two fell near to bitter quarrelling more than once, though Rousseau quitted England with the warmest feelings of gratitude to Hume.

Luckily, the burden of Rousseau's entertainment in England was widely distributed. The interesting foreigner was made a lion of in London. His affectations, his Oriental dress, the stories of his adventurous and irregular life, all conspired to make him an object of universal curiosity. Attentions were showered upon him. Gen. Conway, the Secretary of State, called upon him. Garrick invited him to a supper, and later gave a special theatrical performance in his honor. To this Rousseau was on the point of declining to go, at the last moment, on the plea that he could not leave his dog alone at home. It required some argument by Hume, who explained that the King and Queen had taken a box, to convince the French radical that it would never do to put a slight upon royalty, to say nothing of his actor-host, for the sake of a dog. According to a contemporary letter by Lady Bunbury, which Mr. Collins printed, Rousseau thanked Garrick effusively, and assured him that he had alternately laughed and wept all through the play, though he could not understand a single word.

But the pleasures of the city soon palled upon the man of whom Sainte-Beuve said that the note of love of nature first sounded clear in his writings. Rousseau essayed various retreats in the country. Finally a house was offered him at Wooton, the owner, in order to meet Rousseau's ideas of independence, charging him a nominal rent. There he had his dog, his Thérèse, with her inexplicable ascendancy over him, and his thoughts in solitude. But he was not happy. Exposed to impertinent intrusions, he felt himself more persecuted than ever. At last he wrote an angry note to his landlord, and determined to return to France. He wrote to the Lord Chancellor to ask for a bodyguard adequate to protect him, while travelling to Dover, from his implacable enemies. That official drily replied that his pos-

tilion would suffice. Rousseau hastily sailed from England, May 22, 1767.

His brief stay in England is, of course, insignificant compared with the permanent impression which his political philosophy made on English thought. As in his own land, and elsewhere, it roused violent antagonisms at the same time that it won ardent sympathy. That its influence silently persists in England to this day, there can be no question. The interrelations of French and English literature are a mine much worked in recent years by scholars of either country. More than "spirits twain" crossed the Channel with Rousseau.

RECENT FRENCH NOVELS.

PARIS, June 22.

"Les Dieux ont soif" (Calmann-Lévy—360 pages, 3.50 francs), by Anatole France, is sure to make the knowing reader ask—Is Saul also among the prophets? The simple perfection of language is the same as ever—not precious, but common words of rare serenity set in the limpid flow of easy and accurate and adequate phrasing. The thought is refined and cynical as ever, more like scintillations of Mephistopheles noting day by day what fools we mortals are than like Shakespeare's kindly sprite or Renan's dispassionate observer from Sirius. And in this new book Anatole France still speaks for the Olympians—

The gods laugh in their sleeve
To watch man doubt and fear.

But "the gods that are athirst," of whom he has written the book, are anything but Olympian or given to laughter; and their thirst is for the blood of their fellows. He might almost be suspected of writing his book on a return journey from among those *intellectuels* to whose angry diapason he tuned his voice of late when their particular Justice was not accepted by the universality of France; or from that still later time, when his tones were tremulous with the People trying to make something of Earth. For his conclusion is that of a far different and cruder prophet—

Once there was the People—Terror gave it birth—
Once there was the People, and it made a hell of Earth'

There he stops.

The hero of the book is "Evariste Gamelin, painter, pupil of David, member of the Pont-Neuf section"; and his life for us begins—

early one morning in the former church of the Barnabites, which for three years, from the 21st of May, 1790, had been the general meeting place of the section. . . .

On the front the religious emblems had been hammered out and in black letters over the door was inscribed the Republican device: "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, or Death." . . . The Saints had been taken from their niches and replaced by busts of Brutus, of Jean Jacques, and Le Pelier. The table of the Rights of Man was set up on the stripped altar. . . . The prisons were crowded; the public accuser was working eighteen hours a day. To the defeat of armies, to the revolt of provinces, to conspiracies and plots and treason, the Convention was opposing the Terror. The gods were athirst.

Gamelin follows his dream—for Anatole France also, with all his keen eye for human depravity, allows the excuse of the "mystic" dream in which the depraved acts are perpetrated. It lasts a few months, amid the light of common day, with lurid flashes, at the beginning from the preposterous assassination of Gamelin's own hero, Marat, by Charlotte Corday, then through his own term as a member of the Revolutionary tribunal, to his last mystic meditation in the cart which bears him to the guillotine after Robespierre.

Women who recognized Gamelin cried out to him: "Get on, blood-drinker! Assassin for eighteen francs a day! He's not laughing now—see how pale he is, the coward!"

They were the same women who but lately insulted the conspirators and aristocrats sent by Gamelin and his colleagues to the guillotine. Gamelin thought and believed he understood. "I die justly. It is just we should receive the outrages cast up at the Republic, for we should have defended her from them. We have been too weak; we have made ourselves guilty of indulgence. We have betrayed the Republic. Robespierre himself, the pure, the holy, has sinned by gentleness and meekness; his faults are wiped out by his martyrdom. Like him, I have betrayed the Republic; it is just that I die with her. I have spread blood—let my blood flow! May I perish! I have deserved it!"

At that moment, a window blind opens, and some one tosses into his cart a red flower. On the hand, quickly withdrawn, he catches the glint of the ring which he had engraved with the head of Marat for his Elodie. "His eyes swelled with tears, and it was all penetrated with the charm of such an adieu that he saw the bloody knife above the Place of the Revolution."

It would not be Anatole France's book if there were not another chapter. Elodie—with Gamelin's successor—listens to the cab driver telling how the tripe-seller had daubed the head of Marat with blood, saying: "That's what he loved!"

Before the chimney she looked with melancholy at the ring-finger of her left hand, at the little silver ring where the face of Marat, all worn and crushed, could no longer be distinguished. She looked at it till tears veiled her sight, took it off gently, and threw it into the flames. Then, shining with tears and 'smiles, beautiful to bed!'"

with tenderness and love, she threw herself into the arms of Philip.

Such a book may prove Anatole France's greatest work; and he comes to it better fitted than for his "Joan of Arc." Of course, those of the old order who struggle to remain what they have always been are too imbecile in his pages, though generally amiable; and those of the new order are regularly too unconscious that bloodshed is crime and too self-conscious of the right of their kind to remake the world by cutting off heads. But in the romance, as in the reality, the deeds which stand out to us in terrible relief are but a part of the daily details of life, eating and drinking, making merry and marrying. Much of it can hardly please those who have been praising Anatole France most; but Lord Acton, who knew, doubts our right of "assuming that it would be possible for an honest historian to have a friend."

With Georges Ohnet's two books—"Pour tuer Bonaparte" and "La Serre de l'Aigle" (Ollendorff, illustrated, 3.50 francs each)—we have a rude descent from Olympus to the atmosphere of those middle classes to which most of us, like the late Mr. Gladstone, say we are proud to belong. We are still in the stream of Revolutionary passion, now directed against Bonaparte, who was making the work of the Revolution practical in France, while doing away with the unpractical leaders that had managed to live through it. The romances are built up around the conspirators of the counter-Revolution—Saint-Régeant and Georges Cadoudal.

Here there is no undertone of suspected philosophy to make us uneasy, no dull dust of daily life to draw our attention from the main show. The story is told in the emphatic style of the traditional historical romance, with all the melodrama and real tragedy ground into our quaking hearts. It has been disputed whether Georges Ohnet belongs to literature; but it is beyond dispute that he has story-telling ability beyond those of his generation. The historical basis of his stories also should not be depreciated, even though the advanced heads of some of the characters with every step they tread knock out a star in heaven. It is to be regretted, at least for readers who are sons of Puritans, that the love-making of the Countess spy should be punished within our hearing in crude and cruel kind. The instruments of Napoleon philosophize, in a middle-class way, of all they have seen: "Put into the balance the deeds done by this side and by that—and see if it sinks in favor of one party. They balance seemingly, equal ferocity and crime."

"Mon cher," said Braonneau, "that is the philosophy of civil war. Let's go to bed!"

As he mounts the scaffold, Georges Cadoudal gives the responses to the priest's prayers, but stops short before "at the hour of our death."

"What's the use?" he said, tranquilly, "since it is now the hour of death." He embraced the priest, made a gesture of adieu to his companions, lifted up his great round head and looked at the public crowding round him; and he cried with a loud voice: "Vive le Roi!" The moment after, he was dead.

"La Jeune Fille bien élevée" and "Madeleine jeune femme" (Calmann-Lévy—3.50 francs each), by René Boylesve, bring us powerfully to our own time. Georges Ohnet candidly applies to his series the term "Legend and History"; here we have the every-day life of French men and women. Of the first of the two novels, which have the same characters, the author, who is rising near to the head of the line of living French novel writers, says:

In it I composed, without afterthought, the story of the life of a young girl brought up as they were commonly in our provinces in the last century (that is, twenty-five years ago). . . . My heroine was born at a time when the spirit of inquiry, the taste for criticism, and the thirst for emancipation were in fashion: it was not I, her painter, that groaned beneath the weight of provincial customs; it was she, my model, whom I saw thus pained. And if, on the other side, I showed consideration for "prejudices" or persons of the old time, it was not I who counselled my contemporaries to go backward to old things; it was my model, discerning in spite of herself all that was deeply true in her, who asserted in spite of herself a stronger attachment, more realising than the enticements of the day, for the support and shelter which came to her from centuries ago. . . . An invitation to reflect on life, at length and as deeply as may be, even with bitterness and difficulty—this is the proper moral action of the novel-writer—the extreme limit to which he can go without straining his kind of writing. . . . While differing from direct moral and social action, it is none the less important, for we have to remember that through ignorance of real man and flattery for seductive ideas the gravest public errors are committed, and that for lack of psychology most private disorders are produced daily.

All this explaining is kept out of the thread of the story and limited to a short address to the reader when the author takes up the story of his "well-bred young girl," now that she has become a "young wife." Two notable books, indeed, with moralities important to all who reflect on society, that is, the living men and women around them. They are written in the language of refined French conversation, not dragging, except as life always grows long. The heroine is a daughter of a middle-class family of Touraine, which for centuries has lived on a plane of high, if narrow, tradition, plainly, with high thinking and cultiva-

tion, religiously, marrying and giving in marriage by principles which are rules. English readers who feel that there must be a substantial life in France beyond that of the commoner yellow-covered novels will find interest and edification in the story of Madeline's girlhood and select convent schooling, in her marriage into a class without her traditions or cultivation, and so beneath her, in her cheerful adaptation to it and salvation from scath of the new world around her by the old habits of principle, which are, in spite of herself, her second nature, in the resignation with which she takes up the burden of life. Perhaps, the lack of principle to guide in brand-new society is accentuated; perhaps there is a generation yet younger which is swinging round to the old traditions. Marcel Boulenger, who is a younger rising novelist, says that in his province marriages for money are sought by parents, and pleasure in life without responsibility by the children they marry to each other, far more avidly than in René Boylesve's books. There, at least, the grandmother has something heroic and the young wife has strength of soul. Perhaps a still later knowledge of men now coming to maturity in twentieth-century France would lead one to say that M. Boylesve has drawn his male kind more harshly than France, ever renewing herself and her children, fairly deserves.

"Petite Madame" (Plon—3.50 francs), by André Lichtenberger, continues the unreflecting, delightful story of Jacques and Jotte, just married, greatly pleased with themselves, a little uncertain how to behave to their various parents, who, on their side, hardly know whether to laugh or cry. In reality, they are all good as good, and we have their charming chronicle—like that of our author's *petit Trott*, whom the Academy long ago crowned king of child's stories. And it ends in Life's triumph, as usual as the sunrise:

Behind the white curtains there was a mewing noise. Jacques drew them back. There was a wriggling creature, and Jotte's eyes brightened. She half arose: "Give him to me!"

A little clumsy, a little squeamish, respectful, very proud, Jacques lifted up the little squirming red being which was his son and laid it carefully beside its mamma. . . . Among these three beings silence reigned. . . . The time is past when Jacques and Jotte had only to play according to the sprightly lack of care of their young fancy. . . . The master of their life is this child.

Who knows if this story, too, may not be continued in our next? It is certainly delightful and edifying reading for all, even for those who have been persuaded that Frenchmen have no word for Home. André Lichtenberger, writing for French readers, does not

consider such a question, or he might very well answer—"Our word is Familly, Monsieur, Madame, et Bébé."

S. D.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

In 1895, Falconer Madan of the Bodleian Library published "The Early Oxford Press," being a bibliography of printing and publishing in Oxford down to 1640. He has now just issued, through the Clarendon Press, a second volume on the literature of Oxford, being a study, bibliographical and descriptive, of all known books relating to Oxford printed there and elsewhere during the two hundred years, 1450 to 1650. It is a grand piece of work, upwards of seven hundred pages, octavo, of which more than one-fifth is an elaborate index. It will interest few people in the United States, but those whom it interests it will interest deeply.

The first 147 pages of the volume describe the books about Oxford, but printed elsewhere up to 1640, the end of the period covered by the first volume, being thus a supplement to that volume. There are also incorporated in their chronological places additions and corrections to Vol. I. The so-called first Oxford book "Expositio sancti Ieronimi," the coophon of which bears the printed date 1468, has long been a bone of contention among bibliographers, the claim being made, and generally accepted, that the actual date was 1478, a lower-case "x" having dropped out in preparing the types for the press, a not uncommon occurrence in early-printed books. As an Oxford man Mr. Madan has been slow fully to accept this explanation. Here he sets down six reasons or arguments for the acceptance of 1478 as the true date, and adds: "The cogency of each of these arguments may be weakened, but they have considerable cumulative force, and at present, although the *onus improbandi* lies entirely with the assailants of the earlier date, the balance of probability is markedly against 1468." This is a more positive statement than he was willing to make sixteen years ago.

The bulk of the volume, pp. 148-499, describes Oxford books from 1641 to 1650, and in it Mr. Madan goes over entirely new ground. During the four years, 1642 to 1646, when Oxford was the Royalist headquarters, the presses were peculiarly prolific. The great collection of Civil War pamphlets collected by George Thomason (who was particular to put the date of reception by him on the title-page of each pamphlet), now in the British Museum, has alone made possible any adequate description of the output of the presses of Oxford and London during this period. Duplicate editions, reprints, and forgeries add to the interest and complexity of the study of the books of the period, making a comparison of types, devices, ornaments, and even water-marks necessary. Books with counterfeit imprints were exceedingly common. "Out of 191 Oxford imprints in 1642 no less than 58 are London counterfeits," says Mr. Madan, and the proportion is only slightly less in 1643 and 1644. A list of nineteen very plausible Oxford imprints are given, which, in 1642-1647, are always counterfeit. The symbol "v" prefixed to these counter-

feit titles indicating that the book was not printed where it professes to be printed was inadvertently omitted from the table of explanation of abbreviations. Another symbol ")" indicating that the piece so designated is an extract from a larger work, was also omitted. Mr. Madan himself pointed out these omissions in a letter to Mr. Pollard of the Bibliographical Society.

Another book, one chapter of which treats of the Oxford Press, is E. Gordon Duff's "English Provincial Printers, Stationers and Bookbinders to 1557," just published by the Cambridge University Press (Putnam). These papers comprise the Sandars Lectures on bibliography delivered in Cambridge in 1911. The date of 1557 has been chosen by Mr. Duff as a limit for his conspectus because in that year a charter was granted to the re-formed Company of Stationers, which prohibited printing by any person not a member of the London Society, and this virtually put an end to all provincial printing. The following is a list of those towns outside of London and Westminster in which printing presses had been established prior to 1557, with the (approximate) date of the first book printed in each town:

Oxford. 1478 (colophon of first book actually dated 1468 but probably a misprint).

St. Albans. 1480.
Hereford. 1505.
Exeter. 1505.
York. 1509.
Cambridge. 1521.
Tavistock. 1525.
Abingdon. 1528.
Ipswich. 1547.
Worcester. 1549.
Canterbury. 1549.

In an Appendix is given a list of all identified books printed by or for the several provincial printers for the period covered.

The little book (it is published at four shillings net) contains interesting, authoritative, and up-to-date information hard to find elsewhere.

L. S. L.

Correspondence

THE PRESIDENTIAL TERM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The following letters may be found in the Congressional Library, and are, so far as I know, unpublished. They may be of interest at a time when the proposal to limit the Presidential tenure to one term of six years is to the fore.

A letter of Jefferson's, written from Paris, on September 20, 1788, gives his correspondent particulars of certain letters just received from America. He writes that the Virginia Convention proposed an amendment of the Constitution

for rendering the President incapable of serving more than eight years in any term of sixteen. New York has followed the example of Virginia, expressing the substance of her bill of rights (*i. e.*, Virginia's), and proposing amendments. These last differ much from those of Virginia, but they concur as to the President, only proposing that he shall be incapable of being elected more than twice, but I own I should like better than either of these, what Luther Martin tells us was repeatedly voted and adhered to by the Federal convention, and only altered about twelve days before their rising when

some members had gone off, to wit, that he should be elected for seven years and incapable for ever after.

So Jefferson. William Short, sometime Jefferson's secretary, and for several years the American chargé d'affaires at Paris, wrote to the great Democrat from Philadelphia, April 23, 1816: "All of us I think see now the object of the reëligibility of the President." Short continues:

You saw it I think, from your first inspection of the Constitution. Would it not be worthy of you to endeavour to have this remedied. I do not think you would find it difficult, and it certainly would be a benefit conferred on your country that would be worthy of your best exertions; let the term be for seven years or more and no reelection, and let the incumbent after his term be incapable of any other office, but endowed for his life with the allowance that may be made to the Vice-President.

B. B. W.

Washington, D. C., June 27.

THE RADICALS AND ROOSEVELTISM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: One of your New York contemporaries is fond of asking why a boss must be an ass. Permit me to ask why so many "radicals" are so gullible, shallow, and naive? The notion that Roosevelt is a radical candidate, that he has particular claim to the support of radicals and social reformers, is utterly baseless and absurd. Roosevelt is and always has been a very practical politician; he never found any difficulty in getting along with the Platts and Quays; he never hesitated to go to the Harrimans for campaign money; he never allowed his civil-service professions to interfere with his needs and interests.

Aside from these things, let us see what true radicalism generally means or implies. Radicals are, as a rule, peace men, while Roosevelt is a Jingo, a militarist, and a big-navy shouter. Radicals favor arbitration without ifs and buts, while Roosevelt denounced the splendid Taft arbitration treaties with the venom and frenzy of a maniac. Radicals are free traders and revenue-tariff men where free trade is at present impossible, while Roosevelt is a protectionist (and an ignorant one at that by his own admission). Radicals would approach the Trust problem via the tariff, while Roosevelt called the late Professor Sumner and other economists dishonest cowards for maintaining that it is futile and foolish to "regulate" tariff-fed monopolies. Radicals are opposed to favoritism, autocracy, tyranny, megalomania, demented ambition, while Rooseveltism is essentially another name for arrogance, malice personified, insane ambition, lust for power, personal government.

Radicalism does not need Rooseveltism. It is doing very well in the United States. "We are all radicals now." Who is opposing regulation of woman's labor, universal accident compensation, conservation, strict control of public utilities, further railroad regulation, etc., etc.? The direct primary, the referendum, the recall—though not the silly recall of decisions—are likewise steadily gaining ground. Even the courts are brushing aside ancient fallacies and technicalities. The whole country is "progressive," and there's no stopping the march of "social and industrial reform." The evolutionary revolution, so to speak, is

world-wide. We are witnessing great changes everywhere, and no erratic, blatant would-be despots are bringing them about.

The notion, then, that our salvation, in the United States, depends on Rooseveltism and a third party composed of soreheads, unbalanced egotists, noisy and shallow humbugs, and dreamers who know nothing of politics, is grotesque. Third parties cannot live by spite, fury, and hatred alone. They are begotten of necessity. There is no necessity for a third party of the Roosevelt kind. We may, indeed, find it necessary to organize a party pledged to free trade, to economy, to peace, and arbitration, to sound currency reform, to just and scientific taxation, but Roosevelt and his chief backers would find no welcome in such a party. The failure of the Democracy to live up to its principles and opportunities may render a third party necessary. Just now nothing calls for it. The time is not ripe; there are no converts or recruits ready to take up the cause of industrial freedom and justice, of equal opportunity, in the philosophical sense of these terms. The real radicals will wait, and in the meantime they will help to destroy Rooseveltism, which is fatal to sanity, health, and decency in politics and government.

S. R.

Chicago, June 26.

GEORGE BORROW.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As one who hoped for a time to keep George Borrow permanently among his heroes, and who still keeps him exceedingly high on his list of extraordinary *pocures*, I have read with great interest your account of him in the *Nation* for June 27. Never having gone through any extended biography of Borrow, save that which is furnished in a way by his best known books, I hoped to find in your sketch, not something that would add to my wonder at the man, which is still great enough, but something that would restore my admiration for him. For admiration and credence both left me, in large measure, when I encountered the almost unreadable screed of rage and spite with which the "Romany Rye" draws to its end. Without being especially orthodox in a religious way, I had been rather shocked, in reading "The Bible in Spain," at the almost complete absence of evidence that Borrow cared for the Bible as such, or had any higher motive for his tremendous zeal in distributing it than his desire to spite the Pope and the priests, and to undermine their power. Accordingly, I searched "Lavengro" and "Romany Rye," (books written later, though they tell of earlier events in his life) for something that could be called, in the best sense, Christian feeling. I was disappointed, finding, indeed, a marvellous and refreshing story of adventure, whether fact or fiction, but a growing rabidness of comment, directed against any institution or any person that had offended his overpowering vanity, a passion which, combined with love of the mysterious and the singular, ruled his life.

As to the fact that Borrow did not express himself in the ordinary way concerning inanimate nature and the emo-

tions aroused by its contemplation, I think it may well be doubted whether he knew what other writers were in the habit of saying on this or any other ordinary topic of literature. Outside those fields of learning which he especially exploited, he was, one may suspect, strikingly ignorant of current writing. In the thirty-second chapter of "Lavengro," speaking of himself as a young man who has gone to London seeking his fortune, after a number of years in a lawyer's office, he says: "Yes, . . . up to the moment of which I am speaking, I had never read a newspaper of any description."

Whether we have lost much by his habitual reticence concerning the emotions and reflections inspired in him by the contemplation of external nature, we may perhaps judge from a study of the following passage, which I take, putting certain parts in italics, from the seventieth chapter of "Lavengro":

Night came on, and a beautiful night it was; up rose the moon, and innumerable stars decked the armament of heaven. I sat on the shaft [of his tinker's cart], my eyes turned upwards. I had found it. there it was twinkling millions of miles above me, mightiest star of the system to which we belong; of all stars, the one which has the most interest for me—the star Jupiter. Why have I always taken an interest in thee, O Jupiter? I know nothing about thee, save what every child knows, that thou art a big star, whose only light is derived from moons. And is not that knowledge enough to make me feel an interest in thee? Ay, truly, I never look on thee without wondering what is going on in thee; what is life in Jupiter? That there is life in Jupiter, who can doubt? There is life in our own little star, therefore there must be life in Jupiter, which is not a little star. But how different must life be in Jupiter from what it is in our own little star! *Life here is life beneath the dear sun—life in Jupiter is life beneath moons—four moons—no single moon is able to illumine that vast bulk.* All know what life is in our own little star; it is anything but a routine of happiness here, where the dear sun rises to us every day; then how sad and moping must life be in mighty Jupiter, *on which no sun ever shines, and which is never lighted save by pale moonbeams!* The thought that there is more sadness and melancholy in Jupiter than in this world of ours, where, alas! there is but too much, has always made me take a melancholy interest in that huge distant star.

EDWIN H. HALL.

Cambridge, Mass., June 28.

THE DEATH OF BARON TAKASAKI.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The recent death of Baron Takasaki, the Japanese poet laureate, or, to speak more exactly, the chief of the poetry office, makes me pause awhile and think over what he always expressed in regard to poetry, that is, the Japanese *uta* poetry. He used to begin his talk by quoting Kageki Kagawa's well-known phrase: "*Uta wa sugata, sugata wa shirabe,*" which is quite difficult to translate literally, but with permissible change of words will mean this: "It is the true poetry when its graceful appearance becomes at once the life-movement or rhythm." The Baron said: "We have a word *rashii* (Cook like); that is the secret of our Japanese *utas*. The flower-poem should look like a flower-poem, the moon-poem like a moon-poem, the summer-poem like a summer-poem, the win-

ter-poem like a winter-poem, and so on." Such language is too delightfully simple, and, of course, he meant something more. When he said: "Be natural," I believe that he put a great value on the moment when one's rhythm of soul responds and vibrates most truly to the life and motion of nature; the chief merit of a writer as a poet lies in how well and constantly he has been preparing to receive such a moment; it is indeed at such a moment that he will seize the universal in the particular through the virtue of his own personality. Our Japanese *uta* poetry, at least in Baron Takasaki's idea and conception, is neither art nor writing, but one's own personality itself; before you talk on poetry you should begin by making your personality refined, ennobled, and strengthened. And the time when your personality rises to be high and strange is when it is righteously led by humanity and arm-in-arm will dance with that humanity on life's highway; therefore, the question of the Japanese *uta* poetry is the question of humanity. "There is no real poetry in mere words or phrases," he always exclaimed. He always talked of *Uta no michi*, or the path of poetry, as if to say the path of humanity or benevolence; and he often made the former mean the latter, and always commingled them. Righteousness was, in his mind, the very first lesson of poetry, without the support of which the delicacy and beauty of life and nature could not be properly felt, because the *uta* poetry was nothing but the way of mankind, that is of humanity.

Although not from any so-called Imperialism, but from his immovable faith, so simple and pure that all Japanese should love their own native land, he was first of all the poet of patriotism; when he said he was sure that he was a real Japanese, I think he meant in his heart of hearts that, while not so sure of being a poet, he was also a real poet from the fact of his being a real Japanese. His talk with the Emperor, on "Nothing Difficult to Write *Utas*," is a famous story; it happened some thirty-three or four years ago in the steamer sailing back from Kobe to Tokyo, which carried his Majesty the Emperor on board, who, to pass his lazy summer-time away, had been indulging in the thought of *utas* and the writing of them, and when the Baron interrupted him with the famous words, "Nothing difficult to write *utas*," he was irritated and again maddened by this most audacious declaration. But it was the great lesson the Baron offered to the Emperor which made him gladly turn spiritualist in poetry from being a mere poetical rhetorician from that memorable day. It was the very first triumph of the Baron's long life that he made the Emperor his believer; and the Emperor's faith was never shaken in the long years when the Baron occupied the honorable dais of the chief of the poetry office. Indeed, he made a student's obeisance to him.

I am not a fit person to criticise the Baron's poetical work; I am at the present moment only wondering what effect his conception will have on the future, as I and others know well enough that he battled hard against the descending tendency of the present age, and was often pessimistic, and even recognized his failure.

YONE NOGUCHI.

Kamakura, Japan, June 1.

RELIGIOUS PROPRIETY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: According to press reports, the prayer of Cardinal Gibbons at the opening of the Democratic Convention at Baltimore was greeted with applause from the audience. No one will deny that divine blessing on the labors about to be begun by the Democratic delegates was eminently appropriate and desirable, but that men should have applauded the clergyman who uttered the prayer is incomprehensible to a person brought up in any of the commonly accepted religious creeds. Clapping of the hands, with us, at least, is universally recognized as an expression of approval of some act of a public performer. But it is difficult to see the appropriateness of applauding a supplication for God's blessing; unless, indeed, the audience is to be thought of as approving the clergyman's manner of executing a detached action in which they take no religious part. Theoretically, at least, when a person prays in public, he is the mouthpiece for the assembled worshippers, who are humble suppliants with him and craving divine assistance.

At the conclusion of Cardinal Gibbons' supplication to the Almighty, "amen" would have clearly signified concurrence and assent, but what on earth can have been the attitude, mental, moral, or spiritual, of a gathering of human beings who would clap their hands on such an occasion?

E. L. C. MORSE.

Chicago, June 26.

Literature

AMERICANISMS.

An American Glossary: Being an attempt to illustrate certain Americanisms upon historical principles. By Richard H. Thornton of the Philadelphia Bar. London: Francis & Co. 2 vols., pp. vii, 990, vi.

In 1774 a writer in a Boston magazine proposed "a plan for perfecting the English language in America, through every future period of its existence," and suggested the formation of a society "consisting of members in each university and seminary, who shall be styled 'Fellows of the American Society of Language,'" and that "the Society annually publish some observations upon the language, and from year to year correct, enrich, and refine it, until perfection stops their progress and ends their labours." Six years later John Adams submitted to the consideration of Congress "the expediency and policy of erecting by their authority a society under the name of 'The American Academy for Refining, Improving, and Ascertaining the English Language.'" In 1781 a first attempt to discuss Americanisms was made by President Witherspoon of the College of New Jersey, to whom, indeed, we are indebted for that word. Later the field was entered by Pickering, Webster, Bartlett, De Vere, Farmer, Norton, and others. But more than a generation

has gone by since the publication of Bartlett's and De Vere's books; both of those are unsatisfactory in many ways, and a new work was greatly to be desired. This has now made its appearance in London. A decade or so ago Sir James Murray complained in these columns that it was not to the credit of American lexicographers that they left to their English brethren so much work that ought to have been done by themselves. This well-deserved rebuke is emphasized by the present work, which comes from the hand of an Englishman by birth, though Americans can take at least some satisfaction in the fact that Mr. Thornton is an American citizen.

"It would be difficult, and indeed impossible," writes Mr. Thornton, "to construct a definition of an Americanism which should be comprehensive and concise"; and he has wisely refrained from making the attempt. But in this compilation he has included (1) forms of speech now obsolete or provincial in England, which survive in the United States, (2) words and phrases of distinctly American origin, (3) nouns which indicate quadrupeds, birds, trees, articles of food, etc., that are distinctively American, (4) names of persons and classes of persons, and of places, (5) words which have assumed a new meaning, and (6) words and phrases of which he has found earlier examples in American than in English writers. Mr. Thornton adds:

This is an attempt to illustrate "certain Americanisms" only; those, that is, of recognized standing or of special interest. Accordingly, it will be found that over 80 per cent. of the illustrative quotations are half a century old. No attempt has been made to register the voluminous outpourings of modern slang; and the reader who wishes to investigate such phrases as "Adam and Eve on a raft" or "to get a wriggle on" will have to pursue his researches elsewhere. But some slang words and phrases are too characteristic to be left out, although modern; while others belong to the period of the hunter and the backwoodsman.

The plan of the work is thus made clear. At the end is a useful "Index of authorities cited," filling six pages. Mr. Thornton's illustrative extracts are drawn chiefly from five sources—periodical publications, books describing pioneer life, a few historical works, books of the "Jack Downing" type, and the debates in Congress. Those drawn from the last source are particularly valuable, as probably no one but the compiler has had the courage to attack the debates. But it is to be regretted that letters, diaries, and journals—which would yield so much of value—have scarcely been used at all. It is to be noted also that extracts before 1765 are extremely few and those few largely taken from the Oxford Dictionary. We think it would have been better had these been omitted altogether, for they do not ade-

quately illustrate American literary usages of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and the space could better have been devoted to more modern terms. In the index of authorities cited are a few mistakes. No such publication as the *Boston Weekly Messenger* was issued in 1743. "F. Bailey" should be F. Baily. J. Hall's "Letters from the West" were published in 1828, not 1820. The author of "Short Patent Sermons, by Dow, Jr." was not E. T. Gerry, but Elbridge G. Paige. Why so many American authors in the second quarter of the last century wrote anonymously or pseudonymously does not appear, and in regard to some of these Mr. Thornton is apparently in error or has neglected to give the proper names. "Streaks of Squatter Life" was written by John S. Robb; "Some Adventures of Capt. Simon Suggs" and "The Widow Rugby's Husband" by Johnson J. Hooper; "Chronicles of Pineville" and "Major Jones's Sketches of Travel" by William T. Thompson; "Letters descriptive of the Virginia Springs" and "A Pleasant Peregrination through the Prettiest Parts of Pennsylvania" by Philip H. Nicklin. "R. Carlton" was Baynard R. Hall; "Elnathan Elmwood" was Dr. Asa Greene; "Arthur Singleton" was Henry C. Knight. And Seba Smith's "Jack Downing Letters" have not been sufficiently differentiated from those written by Charles A. Davis.

Turning to the work itself, one finds its execution to be admirable, though Mr. Thornton's principle of selection is not always obvious. Thus, he records *pro-slavery*, but not *anti-slavery*; *Jersey*, but not *York*; *Old Tenor*, but not *New Tenor*. And there are some notable omissions—such, for instance, as *Pilgrim Fathers* and *spoils system*. A few criticisms occur to us. *Agolia* is a ghost-word, it being (as well as *agatia*) Brackenridge's error for *argali*. *Antifederalist*, as originally used, can hardly be described as "a name applied to the followers of Thomas Jefferson," as he was in France when the Federal Constitution was drawn up. *Author*, meaning editor or publisher, should not have been admitted, as the word was so used in England early in the eighteenth century. *To bone up* means not "to bristle up," but "to get up" a subject. In his comment on *Britisher*, Mr. Thornton has been misled by Freeman, who was mistaken in supposing that Wealey "could not have applied the name 'American' to the English folk of any of the Thirteen Colonies," and that there was anything new in the use of the word British during the Revolution as applied to the royal army. Several years ago Sir James Murray informed the reviewer that the word *Britisher* was first applied to a British vessel. But it may be added that the English were called "*Britishites*" in this country in 1788. *Brother Jonathan* and *Jonathan*

are really inseparable, and should have been treated under one head, but Mr. Thornton has missed an opportunity of showing that the former term had nothing to do with Gov. Jonathan Trumbull of Connecticut. We do not know why *to condition* is labelled "originally a Yale word," since the earliest example is from a Harvard source. Under *ell* or *L*, the elevated railway is not recognized. May not *ganty* be a misprint for *genty*, and *goss* for *cos*? (Printers were no more infallible then than now: in the *Boston Gazette* of July 25, 1768, Edward Winter advertised "Lecturizing Rods," which became "Electurizing Rods" on August 8, and "Electrical Rods" on August 15). No example of *Jayhawk* is given as a nickname for a native of Kansas. The statement that *johnny-cake* was "originally *journey-cake*" is, we think, a mistake, as *johnny-cake* occurs earlier; but that it is doubtless a corruption of *jonakin*, a form found in 1676. The Boston Liberty Tree was not "the great elm on Boston Common," but stood at the corner of Washington and Essex Streets. Under Mecklenburg Declaration a warning should have been uttered in regard to its genuineness. The first extract under *O. K.* should have been dated 1850, not 1828. It is not true that *phebe* is "a bird which lives outside the dictionaries," for it is in several dictionaries under the spelling *phæbe*. *Poppycock* means "nonsense," "rubbish," rather than "bombast." *Scalage* is labelled "Not in the Century Dict," but it will be found in the two volumes issued in 1909. It should have been explained that *Scophiliates* were so called from one Scovil (Schovel or Schofield), who had been commissioned by Gov. Tryon of North Carolina to suppress the Regulators. In the first extract under *to slick*, the word means not "to make smooth" or "to set in order," but to beat or lynch, a sense of the word apparently not recognized in the dictionaries, though occasionally met with between 1825 and 1850. The significance of some of the extracts under *terrapin* is missed from Mr. Thornton's failure to point out that the word was applied in derision to Jefferson's gunboats.

Attention is called to these matters, mostly trifling, in order that corrections may be made in a second edition. What is greatly needed is a dictionary that shall illustrate American literary usages for three centuries, but such a work can be compiled only on the co-operative plan, a plan but for which the English Dialect Dictionary and the Oxford Dictionary would have been impossible; and it is to be hoped that the present volumes will act as a spur to the members of the American Dialect Society. Meanwhile, Mr. Thornton has placed us under the deepest obligations for his "American Glossary," in which single-handed he has recorded about 3,000

terms and 15,000 extracts. Almost exactly a century ago a Philadelphian said: "I wish to see the list of our Americanisms abridged as much as possible." If there are at the present time any who hold this narrow view, they would do well, for their own peace of mind, to avoid the present work, for it is filled with expressions many of which are vigorous, effective, picturesque, and racy of the soil.

CURRENT FICTION.

Wide Courses. By James Brendan Connolly. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

At his best, Mr. Connolly tells his stories with vigor and directness. Even when he falls below par, as in "Lightship 67" and "Captain Blaise" of the present collection, he is still readable. "The Wrecker," which stands first, is not entirely successful, though it contains one haunting phrase which comes honestly by its Celtic blood, "Who's to deny a woman whose son lies drowned?" "Laying the Hose-Pipe Ghost" is an amusing tale of Navy red-tape, told in a kind of subdued slang that adds much to the effect. "Jan Tingloff" is more serious, and the things that happen to him have an air of grim reality. The description of the old side-wheeler foundering in a gale is extraordinarily vivid. But the best of this volume is to be found in the two stories dealing with Kieran, pump-man on an oil-tanker—Don Quixote Kieran, alias Cogan Capeador. Here Mr. Connolly does more than tell a tale; Kieran has a personality, human, attractive, and picturesque. Wander-fever, or romance, or the spirit of adventure (the name does not matter) drives him from one end to the other of the seven seas. Athlete, Navy man, windjammer, bull-fighter—there are few things he has not been. He also composes chanties and sings them along the decks in spite of the opposition of the bruising bosun. The latter swore Kieran would never dare finish his Flying Walrus song; so one day the deck-hands made a ring (while the Captain looked the other way) and stood around to watch Kieran being killed. But it was the bosun who scoured his damaged head in a bucket after the fight, and Kieran forebore to finish the Flying Walrus because he thought that would be rubbing it in.

The Department Store. By Margarete Böhme. Translated from the German by Ethel Colburn Mayne. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

This "novel of to-day" is a lengthy, continuous exposition of conditions good and bad in a department store in Berlin. With German thoroughness the writer begins long before the beginning. We must follow the love affairs of the

parents of a girl who later becomes saleswoman in the store, their deaths and her adoption. We must be made acquainted with her adopted parents and their previous histories; with the neighborhood and its little home industries and shops, before we are fitted to assist at the founding of the great store built up modern-wise on the declining opportunities of small dealers and artisans. The "obviously ungifted" boy Joshua Manassa develops as he grows up the commercial genius on which the house is founded, and stands throughout the most striking figure in the book. A Jew, who for expediency changes his surname, a man who never lets feelings interfere with business, a lavish giver where his interests will not suffer, a stern moralist, and a man of absolute self-control, his god is "the holy spirit of labor, of progress." "Like the spirit of God upon the face of the water, did his direct influence hover over the whole concern." One of his sons begins life with idealizing notions of what may be done in a great commercial establishment, but time and a visit to America make havoc of his half-Socialistic ideas and their influence survives only in an art department, where three-colored photographs and antiques are sold. The salesgirl in this department represents fidelity and enthusiasm, and, of course, wins a substantial matrimonial reward. For the rest, the characters are merely all engaged in intrigues, great and small, commercial and sentimental, for which, indeed, Joshua "does not stand," but which pervade his shop and his circle. The rise of the vast emporium, its triumph over rivals, and its embracing in one or another capacity all the little workmen and work-women whom it had put out of business, is told in minutest detail. It is one long, sumptuous catalogue of furnishings, bargain sales, elaborate windows, intricate advertisings. These and the sorry heart-affairs of chiefs and underlings are the story. It is itself a huge show-window, which shows, assuredly, but does not teach. The translation in the main flows smoothly; a few palpable snags need not be particularized. We take it that it is not the translator who imports from the West Indies "a live, beauteous, almond-eyed Hindu."

The Lone Adventure. By Halliwell Sutcliffe. New York: George H. Doran Co.

We may hope that this adventure will remain lone, for it is very wearisome. A large part of the book can be summed up in one of its phrases, "And still nothing happened." The author has attempted to write in the style of Maurice Hewlett a romance of the Jacobite rising of 1745. But there is something more in Mr. Hewlett's style than odd words, inversion, and tortured meta-

phors; there is imagination. Take that away, and the remains would resemble the style of Mr. Sutcliffe. He seems to work on the theory that "terror and pity may be caused by diction." He is determined to write in figures, and the result is sometimes like this: "Since his soul was launched into the open sea of life, Rupert had known many a Gethsemane." The extraordinary vacancy of plot and the deliberate eccentricity of style could be forgiven if there were any interest in character. Five or six times the hero, who has suffered unjustly under the reproach of being a scholar, passes through a psychological experience which proves to him that he is a man; yet the reader is left unconvinced.

The Yoke of Silence. By Amy McLaren. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A tidy little love story in a Scottish setting. There are glimpses of an old castle with an *oubliette* and seaward-looking terraces; there are a husband and wife parted by a woman unscrupulous in love and worse as to money; there are doubts and fears and meetings and partings and peace-makings. There are a few Scottish folk of marked personality, a nice baby, and a perfectly appointed yacht. Need more be said?

TWO BOOKS ON GEN. LEE.

Lee the American. By Gamaliel Bradford, Jr. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. With illustrations. \$2.50 net.

Robert E. Lee, Man and Soldier. By Thomas Nelson Page. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. With portrait and maps. \$2.50 net.

Each of these books is very good of its kind, but perhaps the greatest value of each lies in the testimony it bears to the charm of Lee's character and to the growth of his reputation as one of the very noblest figures in American history. Naturally, from this point of view, special value attaches to Mr. Bradford's book on account of the writer's Northern birth and affiliations. It was to be expected that Gen. Lee would be a spotless hero to Mr. Page; it is more impressive to learn that he is quite as spotless a hero to Mr. Bradford. It is the latter who writes, "I have loved him, and I may say that his influence upon my own life, though I came to him late, has been as deep and as inspiring as any I have ever known. If I convey but a little of that influence to others who will feel it as I have, I shall be more than satisfied."

Mr. Bradford will doubtless have his modest wish granted, and perhaps he will obtain another desire that stands out from his book. He is a devotee of the art of "psychography," the portrayal of souls, and Sainte-Beuve is his master. He actually adds to his book an inter-

esting, though possibly a superfluous, appendix entitled "Lee and Psychography." This means that his volume is not a straightforward, formal biography, but a group of chapters under such titles as Lee Before the War, Lee and his Army, Lee in Battle, and the like. Each chapter is, in the main, made up of quotations bearing on the central topic and of comments upon these, both citations and comments being excellent for their purpose. Indeed, Mr. Bradford seems thoroughly entitled to the praise of being a master in literary mosaic-work. Whether a grouping of mosaic chapters into a mosaic volume furnishes a book that one puts down with entire satisfaction, whether the method is not fitter for the essay than for the treatise, ambitious or unambitious, whether psychography, as its exponents practice it, will ever yield us real portraits, are questions one will probably answer according to one's temperament. Mr. Bradford's chapters, it is sufficient to say here, show careful and wide study of the sources, great sympathy with Lee and the people he represented, and exceptional literary and psychological acumen.

Mr. Page's book is the long-tried, straightforward type of biography, giving a full, chronological, eulogistic, and apparently accurate account of his hero's career. It was begun as an enlarged edition of the writer's "Robert E. Lee, the Southerner," but it soon grew into a new book, especially through largely increased emphasis upon military details. The result is a volume which ought to satisfy for a long time the demand for a fairly extensive biography of Gen. Lee, sympathetic, popular in the best sense, and based on the most trustworthy military authorities on both sides. Mr. Page's practice as a trained narrator has stood him in good stead; he knows and loves the South, and he has made what seems to us to be a very competent and conscientious study of the available sources of information.

There is little emphasis upon Lee's career prior to the Civil War, but the treatment of the four years of struggle is sufficiently full to satisfy most requirements, amounting as it does to five hundred pages. Excellent summarizing chapters precede and follow this stretch of military narrative; then we have equally good chapters on Lee's character and on the calm close of his life. Throughout, the writer's spirit is attuned to that of his subject, and there is scarcely a partisan sentence that can arouse opposition in a fair-minded reader. In other words, while disagreement with Mr. Page is permissible, heated controversy with him ought to be impossible. We have made a long stride forward towards true national unity when such a statement is suggested by a book as loyally pro-Southern as this.

It is probably in its tone and in its level excellence of execution that the chief merit of Mr. Page's biography lies, but it should be added that, in our judgment, he succeeds in what is perhaps his main special contribution, not so much to our knowledge as to our manner of envisaging his subject, viz., in bringing out the fact that the greatness of Lee's character and achievement was in large measure the result of the admirable qualities of the aristocratic society of which he was the consummate exponent.

The Pacification of Burma. By Sir Charles Crosthwaite. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co. \$4.50 net.

This volume is devoted to the history of Upper Burma, a district of about 120,000 square miles, which, in consequence of native misrule, was annexed by Great Britain and made a province of the Indian Empire on February 26, 1886. The story of the creation of orderly administration, as told by the first Chief Commissioner of Burma (February, 1887-December, 1890), Sir Charles Crosthwaite, on whom fell the brunt of this Herculean task, is of special interest, not only because "Burma will be, in all likelihood, the last important province to be added to the Indian Empire," but also because it is indeed

worth while to put on record a connected account of the methods by which a country of wide extent, destitute of roads and covered with dense jungle and forest, in which the only rule had become the misrule of brigands and the only order systematic disorder, was transformed in a few years into a quiet and prosperous state (p. 3).

The original military force for the pacification of Burma was about 14,000, which was increased by March, 1887, to about 16,000. Primarily, it had been intended to have half this army consist of Burmans, but their lack of responsibility rendered them impossible, and the non-English contingent was ultimately confined to Indians. At first, under the new conditions that had to be met, there were frequent minor reverses, as well as some degree of friction between the civil and the military police; on the other hand, affairs were simplified by the fact that the Buddhist monks, numbering between 20,000 and 30,000, remained strictly neutral. The first great problem before the English was the suppression of dacoity (organized gang robbery), a task rendered the more difficult since the Burmans themselves, in their terror of dacoit vengeance, usually refused the English any information or other assistance. Yet gradually dacoity was crushed, the regular policy being that

the rank and file of those who joined insurgent or brigand bands were treated leniently. They were freely pardoned. If they had not committed murder, on condition that they surrendered with their arms and

engaged to live quietly in their villages. Where it was necessary and possible, work was provided for them. When I left Burma there were thousands who had so surrendered and were living honest lives. Very few, I believe, went back to the wild life (p. 123).

By the spring of 1888 pacification had advanced so far that it was possible to consider the reduction of the troops and their replacement by military police. Early in 1886 these police numbered about 3,300, in 1888 between 5,000 and 6,000, in 1889 about 18,000, and in 1912 about 15,000. The rapid change of conditions in 1887 is shown by the fact that at the beginning of the year the troops held 142 and the police 50 posts, whereas at the end of the year the figures were 84 and 175, respectively. On October 28 of the same year the Village Regulation Act was passed, which

established on a legal basis the ancient and still existing Constitution of Upper Burma. While emphasizing the responsibility of the village headman, it gave him sufficient powers and the support of the law. It also enacted the joint responsibility of the village in the case of certain crimes. . . . It gave the district officer power to remove from a village, and cause to reside elsewhere, persons who were aiding and abetting dacoits and criminals. This enactment . . . was framed in accordance with the old customary law and with the feelings of the people. It strengthened our hands more and gave us a tighter grip on the country than anything else could have done (p. 81).

In 1888 the process of disarming the natives was begun, and in the same year Burma definitely became a frontier province of the Indian Empire.

There were, however, a number of outlying districts which demanded attention, notably the Shan States, long torn by internecine strife. As the successor of the Burmese State, England felt herself in duty bound to control all the territory that had been lawfully claimed by Burma. Accordingly, late in 1886 the reduction of the Shan States was begun, the general policy being as follows:

Letters explaining the principles which would guide the British Government in its relations to them were written to the various chiefs. They were assured that there was no desire to interfere in the internal affairs of the States. British supremacy must be acknowledged, peace must be preserved, the people must not be oppressed. Subject to these conditions and to the payment of a moderate tribute, the British Government undertook to recognize the Sawbwas [native chiefs] who were in effective possession, to uphold their rights, and to give freedom and open the way for commerce. . . . There was no intention of fighting the Shans. On the contrary, it was desired to win their friendship and to induce them to trust us. Already the duties, imposts and monopolies which strangled trade in the King's time had been swept away. It remained to establish peace and to open the trade routes which the prevail-

ing anarchy had closed. . . . The leaders of the expedition . . . were to take every precaution against giving avoidable offence or trouble to the people, to gain the goodwill of chiefs, priests, and villagers, to interfere as little as might be with their prejudices, their religious houses, and their private life (pp. 147-149).

Meanwhile there was constant guerrilla fighting, and the difficulties of the English were enormously increased by the configuration of the country. District after district was reduced to peace and order. In some cases, as in that of Kentung, Siamese intrigue had to be counteracted; elsewhere China had to be considered, particularly in view of the large number of Chinese in Upper Burma. All this time the still more difficult tasks of civil organization proceeded apace—the building of roads and railways, the construction of official buildings, forest surveys, provision of medical aid, and the like. The success of the new administration may be gauged by the fact that, without the levying of a single additional tax, the revenue of Upper Burma rose from £222,000 in 1886-87 to £1,120,000 in 1888-90.

A chronological conspectus might with advantage have been appended to the book, and there are one or two disturbing errors and omissions. Some of these are easy to correct. The context shows, for example, that Sir Charles left Rangoon on February 27 instead of March 27 (p. 24), and it is obvious that the capital of India has not lately been moved from Delhi to Calcutta (p. 76). On the other hand, there are passages involving a manifest error which cannot so be corrected. Thus, according to p. 265, Lieut. Hawker was mortally wounded at Muklon on February 21, but on p. 267 the place and date are given as Mukton and March 15, respectively. The disturbing feature of such oversight is that it arouses some mistrust as to the accuracy of other specific places and dates.

Railway Transportation: A History of Its Economics and of Its Relation to the State. By Charles Lee Raper. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50 net.

In 1885 appeared from the pen of President Hadley the first systematic American treatise on railway transportation. In its concise marshalling of facts, its clear enunciation of principles, its brilliant and incisive style, this book has not been surpassed. But because so much railway history has been made during the last quarter-century, a new edition was desirable. Hence the announcement on the title-page of Professor Raper's book, that it is based with the author's permission upon President Hadley's "Railroad Transportation," aroused the expectations of those familiar with the earlier work. But the reader soon learns to his disappoint-

ment that this book is Hadley with Hadley left out.

In the first place, the emphasis has been changed. Whereas President Hadley gives only five out of thirteen chapters to foreign countries and lays stress upon our own history, intermingling with his historical treatment his brilliant elucidation of fundamental principles, Professor Raper gives but five out of seventeen chapters to the United States, and these are the least valuable chapters in the book.

In the matter of style the contrast is so marked as to be almost distressing. Unhappy choice and actual misuse of words repeatedly mar the text, and the constant repetition of such adverbs as "wonderfully," "tremendously," "vitally," detracts from the effectiveness of the discussion. Such inventions as "transportational" and "damageability" are hard to forgive. We are confronted with such terms as "densely populated people," "important significance," "increasingly slight," and "inefficiently cheap." We are told that the "length of their haul is very short," that the railways have caused places of raw materials, of manufacture, and of consumption "to be brought into unity"; that no important area of the United States is without the choice of a number of market centres "around which the minor markets all rotate," and that Berlin was not the centre "from which the Prussian lines originated or focalized." Poor sentence structure often obscures the author's meaning, and a habit of throwing the verb to the end of the sentence disturbs the reader's equanimity.

The chapters on the United States, so far as they relate to the period previous to 1885, are distinctly inferior to those of Hadley, and the treatment of the latter period lacks distinction. The author seems erroneously to identify the distance principle of rate-making with the cost of service principle. He states that the long and short haul clause of the Interstate Commerce Act forbade a greater charge for a shorter than for a longer distance on traffic moved in the same direction at the same time. It is, of course, untrue that the shipments must be contemporary. It is difficult to understand how our transcontinental traffic has been "profoundly influenced by the steamers that operate through the Suez Canal."

The value of the book consists in its summary of recent European transportation history. One may differ with the author's conclusions as to the results of policies in the various States, and may properly take exception to unsubstantiated opinions introduced by the phrase "we think," but the historical treatment seems in general to be carefully done. Many statistical comparisons of European and American conditions fail to give due recognition to the lack of comparability of data, and hence leave

the reader with inaccurate impressions. It is impossible, for example, with the different accounting systems, to compare accurately relative costs of operation, rates of dividends, or capitalization per mile. Confusion is also caused by the use of the term average *rate* when the author clearly means average *receipts*.

On the question of State ownership, Professor Raper is a conservative. His conclusions are that government ownership, with a few notable exceptions, has been a burden on the taxpayers, that it has not been "particularly efficient" or "especially cheap," that the people of the United States do not desire at present to "possess" the highly centralized administration necessary for nationalization, that Government operation is not needed in the United States to supply facilities or to correct the abuses of private operation, and that its "only possible defence would be Socialism." He suggests in the place of State operation the extension of the parcels post in the United States, but his brief discussion of this subject is superficial and fails to take account of many factors in the problem.

Italy's War for a Desert. By Francis McCullagh. London: Herbert & Daniel.

The note struck by Mr. McCullagh in his very title is maintained to the last page. It is a bitter indictment of Italy's motives and methods in her invasion of Tripoli. The Italian people, the press, the navy, the army, are handled with no pretence at courtesy. In his introduction Mr. McCullagh tells of being visited in his English home by a party of Italian gentlemen, headed by the "futurist" leader, Signor Marinetti, who challenged the author to a duel. We can very well believe that the hot Italian blood must have boiled repeatedly under the pitiless scourging administered by Mr. McCullagh, whose reputation as a veteran war correspondent was sure to give weight to his charges. He ridicules the Nationalist movement in Italy, which, in the mind of its most fervent advocates, has taken on the aspect of a crusade for the restoration of the Roman Empire. He takes delight in drawing comparisons between Scipio Africanus and the half-disciplined Sicilian troops who have again and again turned in cowardly flight before an enemy vastly inferior to them in numbers and equipment. The spirit of the following sentences permeates the book:

The real explanation of the Italian inactivity for over half a year, despite the fact that there are no less than twenty-four Italian genera's in Tripolitania, is this—the Italian soldier is a poltroon. When not a poltroon he is an Anarchist or a mutineer. According as one looks at it, the present story is very badly or very cleverly

planned. Mr. McCullagh begins by conveying the impression of extreme prejudice. He carries it to the point where many a reader will be tempted to put down the volume with distrust. But if the reader persists until he comes to the heart of the book, the massacre of the suburban Arabs perpetrated by the panic-stricken Italians during the three days following the battle of Sharashett on October 23, of last year, his attitude towards the author will change. Here the accusation of prejudice will not hold. Mr. McCullagh's own statements are reinforced by a mass of irrefutable testimony. As one reads the heart-rending story of those dreadful three days when the Italian army ceased to be an army and became a horde of maddened soldiery, virtually running amuck; of men and women and children who were shot down in squads without semblance of a trial, one can easily understand why Mr. McCullagh and several of his colleagues should have landed in their papers to the Italian commander as a protest. Four thousand Arabs perished during these three days, according to our writer. Three thousand is the testimony of French correspondents friendly to the Italian cause. One feels that Mr. McCullagh has made out a case. But he could have made it stronger by not stopping to pick fault with anything and everything Italian.

Jean de la Fontaine. By Frank Hamel. New York: Brentano's. \$3.75 net.

The first lines of Mr. Hamel's book are more sympathetic than all the rest; in them he tells the story of the little girl who tried to say the Lord's Prayer in French, and being haunted by the fable of the fox, the crow, and the piece of cheese, began "Notre Père sur un arbre perché." Turning then to the slim events of La Fontaine's tranquil life, Mr. Hamel sets them forth in a straightforward and unpretending fashion which makes easy reading, but which does not quite satisfy. With no sharp vision of La Fontaine's personality, and with little distinction of style, he yet manages to indicate with some clearness the man's exterior and material surroundings. But he scarcely goes further. There is hardly any critical study or illuminating comment. It is simply a relation of facts, with a certain number of anecdotes for embellishment. Mr. Hamel apparently takes these last directly from d'Olivet, "*le pauvre abbé*," whom M. Lafenestre calls one of the least clairvoyant of La Fontaine's biographers. It was d'Olivet who said the poet was an idiot because he never in his life did anything for himself appropriately.

As for the letters from Limousin, Mr. Hamel finds them disappointing "as a disclosure of the poet's real self," because they are not love letters "in the

strict sense of the term." There is no "outpouring of emotion on paper addressed to one woman and containing a revelation of a real and lasting passion. . . . They contain nothing more soulful than friendly feeling and intellectual comradeship." How could it have been otherwise? La Fontaine never felt a breath of true passion in his life. On the contrary, his "real self" was made precisely of the stuff of these letters: good-humored observation of people about him and a lively interest in the last handsome woman who had crossed his path. It was all light and delicate and essentially poetic. Mr. Hamel is as far from a sympathetic understanding when he calls La Fontaine in his youth a "country bumpkin" as he is in using the term "old reprobate" later on. Both these expressions, in an attenuated sense, may have some applicability; but they both miss La Fontaine, the young dreamer in the woods of Château-Thierry with his ears full of bird-songs, or the merry old man at a Parisian dinner table who still loses his head over the pretty girl sitting next to him. Mr. Hamel's words are like the meshes of a sieve through which the poet, after a momentary check, slips with ease. When it comes to discussing his works, this lack of sympathy becomes plainer. The "Contes" are condemned without reprieve. It is not necessary, we are told, for us to read them. They are mentioned only because "in his biography it is necessary to write of them." But if Mr. Hamel wished to preserve our morals from the influence of the "Contes," he should not have quoted the passage from "Les Oies du Frère Philippe," for its natural effect is to make one wish to know more of a matter so deliciously human. The two chapters on the "Fables" are little more than a catalogue, interspersed with quotations, paraphrases, and translations. These last, mostly by Elizur Wright, are halting and commonplace, though an exception may be made for one by the Rev. W. Lucas Collins, from the fable of the young mouse who sees his first cat, and cries in his innocence:

He must have strong affinities of soul
With our great race—his ears are shaped
the same.

Mr. Hamel disregards almost entirely the interpretation of human nature by the fables, as well as the more immediate references to the court of Louis XIV and the society of the century. His few remarks on the subject are perfectly conventional. Taine, in his complete and brilliant development of this theme, illustrates from the fables the king, the princes, the court, the nobility, the curse, the bourgeois, the doctor, the magistrate, the professor, the student, the peasant. Mr. Hamel sees something else: "A wonderful procession of animals stalks through the fables, almost every kind of zoölogical specimen being

represented. There are rats enough to require the services of many Pied Pipers of Hamelin, lions enough to stock the equatorial forests, wolves enough to make the Steppes of Russia seem crowded, bats and birds, gnats and frogs galore." To be fair, let us add that he goes on to say that the poet "modernized" the old animal stories "to the extent of reflecting in them the manners and foibles of his day. All the social orders were represented and classified." But for the central fact of La Fontaine's poetry, is not this statement rather bare and summary?

The book is printed on extremely thick paper, which swells its 380 pages to a great size. There is an excellent photogravure frontispiece, and there are a number of prints.

Notes

The National Education Association will meet in Chicago July 6 to 12.

The late John Bigelow's "Retrospections of an Active Life" will be completed in the autumn by the publication by Doubleday, Page & Co. of Volumes IV and V. Volume IV covers the years 1867 to 1871, and Volume V, 1872 to 1879.

The same house has in hand: "Browning and His Century," by Helen A. Clarke; "Reminiscences of the South Seas," by John La Farge, being the diary which the artist kept while in Samoa and Fiji; "Æsop's Fables," illustrated by Arthur Rackham.

The Century Company will publish in August "C. Q., or In the Wireless House," by Arthur Train, and later in the year "A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill," by Alice Hegan Rice.

Sir Archibald Geikie, president of the Royal Society of London, has written a monograph on "The Love of Nature Among the Romans" in the last decade of the Republic and the first century of the Empire. The work will be issued by Murray.

Allen H. Eaton is bringing out, through McClurg, "The Oregon System: The Story of Direct Legislation in Oregon."

A forthcoming book in the list of Stanley Paul & Co. is "The White Slave Market," by Mrs. Archibald Mackirdy and Mr. Willis, who was formerly a member of the Australian Parliament.

"The Cahusac Mystery" is announced by Sturgis & Walton; the author is H. Hesketh Prichard.

Jane Addams's "The Spirit of Youth and the City Streets," first published in the autumn of 1909, has just been added to the Macmillan Standard Library.

The Newdigate prize at Oxford has been awarded this year to William Chase Greene of Balliol College, Rhodes scholar from Massachusetts, for a poem on "King Richard the First Before Jerusalem." Mr. Greene was class oïdist and salutatorian at Harvard in 1911. He is a son of Prof. Herbert E. Greene of Johns Hopkins University, and a grandson of William L. Greene of Dorchester, for many years publisher of the

Congregationalist. The Newdigate prize of twenty-one guineas for English verse was founded by Sir Roger Newdigate in 1806, and is open for competition each year by the undergraduates of Oxford University. Among those who have won the prize are Matthew Arnold, Robert Stephen Hawker, Oscar Wilde, and John Addington Symonds.

"The Symbolism of Voltaire's Novels" (Columbia University, Lemcke & Buechner), by W. R. Price, is a detailed investigation, with special reference to "Zadig," of Voltaire's satire of contemporary social conditions, and an attempt, by ingenious detective work, to make the veiled allusions clear and specific. The author seeks to identify names, characters, political hints, and to fit the allegory to the times; in short, to show what Voltaire was talking about. Dr. Price uses symbolism as "anything which stands for another thing or for other things." A wide field is thus thrown open to a mind ingenious at solving riddles or charades, and this sort of mind Dr. Price possesses. The book shows industry and learning based on a thorough study of Voltaire. The conclusions, however, cannot rely for acceptance on absolute proof, but only on probability, and the reader is sometimes left wondering whether the writer is not carried away by the explorer's enthusiasm. One of the most interesting passages relates to the origin of the name "Voltaire." The volume is clearly a dissertation, not pretending to literary form, and, unfortunately, the author's erudition has not been seconded by competent proof-reading at the press.

Under the title "World Organization as Affected by the Nature of the Modern State," Dr. David Jayne Hill has published eight lectures given at Columbia University, in March, 1911, on the Carpenter Foundation (Columbia University Press). The purpose of the lectures, which are both historical and critical, is to show "the growth of juristic consciousness among all civilized nations," and "the peculiar adaptability of the modern state for entering into a world organization in a juristic sense." What form such organization shall take, Dr. Hill does not pretend to indicate in detail; but he reaches the conclusion that the usual and accepted principles of jurisprudence are sufficient for the adjudication of all international disputes; that substantial progress has been made, through the various Hague agreements, in the direction of universal justice among nations, and that the development of a "society of states" presents no insuperable difficulties. Disarmament appears to him to be a natural result of such organized international relations, rather than an ideal to be striven for as such. The book is not easy reading, but it is, nevertheless, one of the most thoughtful of recent contributions to the difficult subject of international conciliation.

"Replanning Small Cities," by John Nolen, fellow of the American Society of Landscape Architects (Huebner), is made up of a general survey of the subject, studies of six American cities from this point of view—namely, Roanoke, Va.; San Diego, Cal.; Montclair and Glen Ridge, N. J.; Reading, Pa., and Madison, Wis.—a section on how existing cities may be replanned, an appendix containing extracts from Ameri-

can and foreign legislation relating to the matter, and a bibliography modestly described as a "Short List." The illustrations are especially interesting. They include the bay front of San Diego as it is, and as proposed, general plans for Reading and Madison, and L'Enfant's plan of Washington. Mr. Nolen points out that the notion that comprehensive plans are only for large cities is a misconception, the reverse being nearer the truth: "There is scarcely anything in the smaller places that may not be changed." To the movement to make such changes his book should give definite impetus.

Prof. Alexander Viets Griswold Allen, who has been made the subject of a memoir (*Longmans*), by the Rev. Charles Lewis Slattery, rector of Grace Church, New York, was born in 1841 in Otis, Mass., where his father was rector of the Episcopal church. The home was filled with the best traditions of New England evangelicalism—its seriousness, its consecration, its culture; filled, also, with what so often accompanied these, a hard struggle for an existence. After strenuous financial efforts, Alexander Allen was graduated at Kenyon College, Gambier, O., and entered the Divinity School, in the same place. In his time the insurgent wave of modernism was just beginning. He kept, however, his fundamental beliefs, his passion for truth, his sweetness of temper, and his closeness to his parents. After two years spent in Andover Theological Seminary, he founded a little Episcopal mission church among the mill-hands of the neighboring Lawrence. The enterprise was successful, but his characteristic work was yet to come. In 1867 the Episcopal Theological School was established in Cambridge, Mass., and the Lawrence rector was called, at the age of twenty-eight, to be its first professor of ecclesiastical history. Those who were in his class-room almost always awoke with surprise to a realization of the vitality of the past. Dogma was to him concentrated life, needing but expansion to become living and absorbingly interesting. And so his greatest book was appropriately "The Continuity of Christian Thought." Other books followed—a "Life of Jonathan Edwards," "Religious Progress," "Christian Institutions," "Freedom in the Church." After the death in 1893 of Phillips Brooks, his brother, Dr. Arthur Brooks, undertook a Life of the Bishop; and when Arthur Brooks died two years later, Professor Allen was asked to complete the work. The last of the three volumes appeared in 1900. It was an appreciation of Phillips Brooks rather than a critical estimate. This, with twenty-eight articles contributed to books, papers, and magazines, completed Professor Allen's literary output. He delivered the Bohlen lectures in Philadelphia, Lowell lectures in Boston, Dudleyian and Noble lectures at Harvard, besides lecturing in the regular courses at Harvard and in Union Theological Seminary, New York. He received the degree of D.D. from Kenyon College, and from Harvard and Yale Universities. He died in Cambridge in 1908. Dr. Slattery had the difficult task of telling a story where, in popular estimation, there was none to tell. For a life with so little incident presents to the biographer few peaks to which to attract

passing attention. Yet for those who are concerned with the movements of thought, a career which, like that of this seminary professor, was in close touch with every vital current of his time, has no need of events in order to procure profound interest. And Dr. Slattery has wisely made Professor Allen's letters largely tell the story.

"Outlines of School Administration" (Macmillan), by Arthur C. Perry, is an attempt to put in form for textbook use the present methods of school administration in the various nations which have made really significant progress in public education. The matter is placed under five headings, school organization, school direction, school supervision, school management, and class management, the methods in vogue in the various countries being grouped about these several topics. As a textbook on comparative methods, one might wish that the books were less tinted with the personal bias of the author on various problems involved.

"The Criminal and the Community" (Lane), by James Devon, has a rare personal flavor which makes it a refreshing contrast to the literature of impersonal criminal science. Dr. Devon is the enemy of all institutionalism and of all study of men by the method of statistics and averages. For him the criminal is first of all a person, and "one such case thoroughly known is a better basis for a study of the subject than any amount of tables." He himself speaks from the authority of many years of personal experience as medical officer in Scotch prisons and poorhouses, which he utilizes for a highly instructive and evidently clear-sighted account of the motives and conditions of crime, more particularly of the conditions leading to petty crime and first offences. The striking feature of the book is his proposal to liberate prisoners when responsible citizens offer to become their guardians. Arguing from a purely utilitarian standpoint, Dr. Devon contends that imprisonment is a flat failure. It is not very effective as a deterrent, and no useful purpose is served by the prisoner's degradation. The prison may sometimes benefit his health, but it enfeebles his mind and at the end of his sentence sends him out into the world without an occupation, often without friends, and wholly unfitted for communal life. Its only use is to hold him until provision has been made for his supervision and livelihood; and if no such provision is made, it is absurd to release him at all. However reformed and improved, the prison suffers from the vice of institutionalism; and the same is true of the system of liberation on probation in charge of an officer. The normal life of a man is in the society of those who are personally interested in him, preferably in a family. What Dr. Devon contends for, then, is the policy of boarding out which has been found to be successful in the case of pauper children and the insane. He thinks that there are few criminals without responsible friends who would be willing to assume their charge. At any rate, he holds, the problem of crime is insoluble until those in the outside community are ready to assume a personal responsibility.

To show what is the difference between the Scottish and the English peoples may

fairly be said to be the object of Dr. Donald Macmillan's "Short History of the Scottish People" (Doran). It is an attempt at a pendant to Green's "Short History," and, like its prototype, is to the greater glory of its subject. Not many years ago it would have been to the glory of the Kirk and the Covenant; as it is, the ecclesiastical thread is closely followed. And there was right in it. It is said with perfect truth (p. 301), "If there is one institution which the people of Scotland ought to love more than any other, it is the Church of Scotland." But the Kirk and the Covenant have fallen on historically evil days, and so it is now the people of whom we have a picture, "quietly working out their own salvation while kings and lords were destroying each other" (p. 194). And the judgment of the people is used to rescue the most shady characters. That Moray was called "the Good Regent," absolves him of the charges of meanness and treachery. In the same perfervid popularism, Burns is reckoned the greatest Scottish genius. Yet the book is an interesting and solid piece of writing, enlivened by a queer jumble of style. On one page the cat jumps, and on another we explicate the truth. References, too, are sorely needed, even marked quotations being simply "by a recent writer." The five maps mentioned on p. xx are not in the review copy.

Lieut.-Col. Andrew C. P. Haggard's "France of Joan of Arc" (Lane) belongs to the well-known class of "popular" histories. Two-thirds of the volume are occupied by a commonplace recital of the events of fifty years preceding the arrival of Jeanne on the scene; but there is nothing in the way of information which could not be had from a school textbook of moderate worth. Originality of treatment and a good style, had they been present, might have served as an excuse; but so far as appears, the author proceeds as if he were treading fresh ground, and as if the reader were supposed to be ignorant of the fact that the subject had ever been touched by Anatole France, Andrew Lang, or Gabriel Hanotaux. The style is sometimes melodramatic, sometimes facetious. We are told in one place that "Charles VII had been only able to regale" La Hire "with the very scraggiest kind of a dinner." The only thing approaching an idea to be found in 350 extraordinarily thick pages in the statement that, in the author's opinion, Jeanne had no divine mission: France would really have been better off under English rule; therefore, since the Maid, in spite of this, delivered her country from the English, the supposition is that the Divinity could have had nothing to do with the matter.

Miss Betham-Edwards knows her France well, as her various writings testify. She has now gathered into a volume entitled "In the Heart of the Vosges" (McClurg), a number of sketches—some of which have appeared in periodicals—ranging from the towns of Alsace to unfrequented corners of the Pyrenean valleys, back and forth to Picardy, French Flanders, and the Alpes Maritimes. The sketches are discursive and uneven, and the chronology of her wanderings is sometimes uncertain, but the whole is very readable and lifelike. We get glimpses of Lourdes, Narbonne, Marseilles, Nice, Monte Carlo, and other interesting

places, and are here and there reminded of that great prototype of travellers in search of combined agricultural and social information—Arthur Young. But Miss Edwards does not penetrate beyond the surface of things, and where she attempts art criticism, as in her chapter In Gustave Doré's Country, she is disappointing. Otherwise generally accurate, she speaks of Carcassone's Saint Bartholemew (in 1560) as still showing its traces, "after five hundred years."

We have received copies of the new edition of Grant Allen's Historical Guides to "Venice" and to "Umbrian Towns," and also of "Smaller Tuscan Towns," which has recently been added to this series (Holt). The authors of this latest volume are J. M. and A. M. Cruickshank, who compiled that on Umbria. It follows the well-defined plan of its predecessors, being more compact and practical than Hare, but purposely not so businesslike as Baedeker. We may record here another volume in the Mediæval Towns series (Dutton). It is on Avignon, its compiler being Thomas Okey, the industrious book-maker.

"The Life of Cesare Borgia" (Brentano's), by Rafael Sabatini, seems at the outset to be a masked eulogy. On reading farther, however, one discovers that the author frequently insists that the Borgias may have been very wicked gentry, but that the iniquities attributed to them have not been proved. He busies himself to show that hearsay, and not documentary evidence, is the basis on which the charges against them rest. We regret that, in a work whose essence is polemical, Mr. Sabatini furnishes almost no footnotes and references. He writes perforce, taking a savage relish in demolishing his opponents. Nevertheless, the book is worth reading for anyone who desires to have this perpetually recurring question of the Borgias presented from an unconventional angle. The figure of Cesare Borgia is drawn with vigor.

"The Welsh Border" (London: David Nutt), by M. A. Hoyer and M. L. Heppel, is the tediously complete record of a half-walking and half-railway trip which these two English women took as an inexpensive and (for them) adventurous summer outing. Their plan was to follow Offa's Dyke—a wall of dirt raised in the eighth century by that warrior king to hold the Welsh in check—to follow this mound for its full two hundred miles, from Mold down to the Severn; and this they accomplished to their complete satisfaction, though the original material they collected would hardly eke out a magazine article. This diary, every page of which cries out for the editor's blue pencil, is illustrated with two mediocre photographs, thirteen unsatisfactory sketches, and a hopelessly indistinct map.

Few sides of Arabic letters are so touched with the tears for mortal things as the little hoards of manuscripts which are found from time to time hidden in the walls of old houses in Spain. More even than the spectacular hill of the last sigh of the Moor, they tell of the final ebbing of the Moslem tide from Europe, and of what it meant for the Moslem masses. For they speak the silent sorrow of a people going into exile, though with a pathetic hope, never fulfilled, of some future return to their own. They were evidently hidden in 1610, the year of the expulsion

of the Moriscos, and are, in a sense, a belated justification of that expulsion. For they show very clearly how very Moslem their owners still were, even after external acceptance of Christianity, and more than a century's isolation from the Moslem world and exposure to a Christian environment. Instead of Arabic they had to speak some Spanish dialect, but they wrote it in Arabic characters, the so-called Aljama, and continued to read their own Arabic books. These ranged from popular tales, most valuable for folk-lore, and usually written in Aljama, to standard theological and legal treatises. Of one such hoard, found in 1884 at Almonacid, near Zaragoza, and now the property of the Junta para ampliación de estudios at Madrid, a detailed description by pupils of Professors Ribera and Asín has just been published ("Manuscritos Árabes y Aljamiados de la Biblioteca de la Junta," Madrid, pp. xxii. 320). It covers sixty-seven manuscripts and a very large number of fragments in loose leaves, and gives eighteen photographic facsimiles, ranging in date from A. D. 1043 to 1601. The work has been admirably done, and gives by far the best view yet accessible of the religious and literary situation among the Moriscos of northern Spain, immediately before the expulsion. Of especial interest, after the folk-lore tales, is the preëminent position which the books of al-Ghazzali evidently held.

Dr. Edward Brooks, who for several years was Superintendent of Public Schools in Philadelphia, died at his home near that city on Saturday, in his eighty-second year. As an author Dr. Brooks had devoted himself largely to retelling many of the classics in simple form.

Dr. Ernest S. Roberts, master of Caius College, Cambridge, whose death we record, was the author of a work in two volumes, "Introduction to Greek Epigraphy"; in the second volume he had the collaboration of Prof. E. A. Gardner.

streams, and recommends that the local Government let the waters to private parties, in order that the waters may be better preserved—for the rich sportsmen. As a matter of fact, Newfoundland has the proud distinction (and long may it remain), of keeping all its waterways open to every fisherman who is willing to pay the small tax of \$10. The photographs reproduced in the book are fair, the sketches execrable. There is no index.

"Milk and the Public Health" (Macmillan), by Dr. William G. Savage, an English health officer and bacteriologist, is a convenient book. A part of it is rather too special for the general reader, but the larger portion discusses the dangers of milk and the methods by which the supply may be improved and safeguarded, and in such fashion that the intelligent layman may read with profit. Of course, English conditions are considered, but that does not impair the value of the discussion, and the author is familiar with the work done on this side of the Atlantic. Dr. Savage holds that there is no convincing evidence that boiling milk impairs its nutritive value. Pasteurization he believes to be an efficient and useful procedure, and valuable pending improvement in the milk business; it is, however, more harmful than beneficial unless rigidly supervised and the conditions of its employment carefully regulated. Preservatives in proper amounts are not necessarily harmful to healthy adults, but are likely to harm invalids and young children when given for any considerable length of time. They are generally unnecessary, and their use encourages dirty methods of collecting and handling milk. In the controversial matter of tuberculosis, Dr. Savage is convinced that bovine tuberculosis is a source of human tuberculosis.

It is seldom that a scientific subject is treated in popular form with such thoroughness as has gone into the making of A. E. Garrett's book on "The Advance of Photography; Its History and Modern Applications" (Dutton). The author has adopted, with only a few alterations, the historical account given in Vogel's "Chemistry of Light and Photography"; the rest of the book is new. Every one knows, of course, that photography is used in many ways, but it is only when a detailed account is before one that an appreciation of its indispensable assistance to all branches of art, business, science, and life in general is quite possible. The very difficult task has been attempted of explaining briefly, not only all the processes and appliances of photography, but also its chemical and physical laws and related phenomena. Although the action of light on matter is complicated and obscure, the author succeeds remarkably well in leading up to it from the simpler actions. The book can be highly recommended, both for accuracy and interest.

The Carnegie Institution has issued another monograph (No. 160) on "The Absorption Spectra of Solutions," by H. C. Jones and W. W. Strong. The experimental part of the work is elaborate, many photographic plates being given of the absorption spectra of rare salts, and the effects of temperature on them. The first chapter is devoted to the theory of the emission and absorption of energy by the atom and the electron. All

Science

The Columbia University Press has undertaken the publication of a new series, entitled "Studies in Cancer and Allied Subjects." Three volumes in the series will be issued in the autumn.

Among the books announced by McBride, Nast & Co. are: "Gardening Indoors and Under Glass," by F. F. Rockwell; four additional volumes in the House and Garden series, and "Cattle, Sheep, and Pigs," by Frank Townsend Barton.

Sir John Rogers's book, "Sport in Vancouver and Newfoundland" (Dutton) is a somewhat diffuse account of hunting and fishing in the two countries mentioned. While something may be learned from it by the intending tourist-sportsman, it cannot be recommended as an authority. When an author speaks of a prominent sportsman as "Caspar Whitman," and tells of taking "Twenty-five trout and five charr . . . the trout were all ouananiche," in Newfoundland, his readers are not inspired with great confidence in the accuracy of his other statements. Sir John was much put out by the number of anglers enjoying themselves on the banks of the Newfoundland salmon

though the writers state that our present theory is very simple, most physicists are inclined to the opinion that the mechanism of radiant energy is about the most baffling problem in modern science. It is disappointing that monographs which furnish such an immense amount of data, should contribute to this problem of radiant energy so little definite help.

The growing independence of psychology and the self-sufficiency of its body of facts appear in Prof. Knight Dunlap's "System of Psychology" (Scribner). This interesting volume is not an elementary textbook. It is the first draft of a general psychological hypothesis. Both the draft and the hypothesis are unusual. It ought to be a seven-day wonder that a psychologist of Professor Dunlap's repute pronounces a thorough literary training the most important prerequisite of psychological study. This science, he says, "least of all can be communicated or comprehended in a special jargon," but requires all the assistance that can be given by command of the resources of the language of the masters in letters. At the very outset, Professor Dunlap confesses that "the data of psychology cannot at present be definitely described except in terms of theories which are more or less 'philosophical.'" He also says that the very first propositions about elementary facts cannot be rid of ambiguity save by acute philosophizing. The volume faithfully reflects this belief. It is the only work of its kind which reveals an appreciative acquaintance with the results of contemporary philosophical analysis. It builds upon not a few important distinctions which psychologists have not been drawing, and which will, doubtless, harass the student for a while. For instance, the venerable theory of mental images is rejected, and the seemingly paradoxical anti-idealistic doctrine is maintained that sensations are not in the brain, but just where they are experienced as being. The status of relations is, for the author, not below that of entities; and so he is opposed equally to idealism and materialism, which respectively exaggerate and minimize the metaphysical importance of relations. Professor Dunlap deals only with the facts and problems of normal adult psychology. His philosophical point of view makes the result hard reading, but profitable.

"A Text-Book of Botany for Colleges and Universities," Vol. II, "Ecology" (American Book Company), by Professors Coulter, Barnes, and Cowles of the University of Chicago, has been prepared by experts. Though Professor Barnes died in 1910, it is clear that he had a large part in the preparation of this volume, for the physiological aspects are as fully presented as the structural, and therefore the whole work is symmetrical. As the term "Ecology" would indicate, all the relations are here considered of an organism to its surroundings. The book breaks new ground in two essential ways: first, it attempts more or less successfully to simplify the terminology; and, secondly, it substitutes throughout mechanical causation for teleology and adaptation. The last chapter is devoted to a philosophical discussion of adaptation. It has been carefully written, and embodies views which are likely to meet with wide acceptance.

Drama

THE STAGE AND "MORALITIES."

The revival of "Everyman" ten or a dozen years ago was not without considerable influence, it appears, upon the dramatists of the day. All were astonished at the impressive effect made by this manipulation of abstract qualities. That Life and Death personified could reach to the poignancy of great tragic moments had been almost forgotten. Along with out-and-out allegory the morality had been consigned to the whims of the long ago. But when the Elizabethan Stage Society in 1901 gave a presentation of "Everyman" it was seen at once what a broad range of dramatic possibilities the play possessed, and several writers were moved to try their hand at work of much the same sort. These matters are interestingly discussed by J. W. Barley, who in "The Morality Motive in Contemporary English Drama" has taken a startlingly up-to-date subject for his doctor's dissertation.

Mr. Barley mentions a formidable list of plays in whose composition the influence of "Everyman" was pretty certainly present. It was acknowledged by Yeats, the author of "The Hour Glass," wherein a Wise Man, a Fool, an Angel, and other types figure as characters, and which inveighs against the preaching of materialistic philosophy. Then there is Arthur Symons's "The Fool of the World," having Death and a Pilgrim to prompt a probing of the eternal mysteries. But perhaps Nugent Monck, in "Life's Measure," came nearer than others to catching the morality tone and manner. Young Man eager for fame devotes himself to Labor, who has explained to him the need of incessant toll. Motherhood implores him not to forget his soul in his work. The Fool and the Poet—laughter and beauty of life—urge him "to mingle the service of self with that of his fellowman." He is obdurate. Age comes on, and with it a sense of the emptiness of life. Love, in the garb of a pilgrim, touches his heart when it is too late, for woman spurns him. Death overtakes him, and is inexorable; yet he has seen the light, and thus something is saved from the ruin. "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" and "The Servant in the House," which Mr. Barley likewise places in this general movement, are too well known to need reference here. They, with the others, illustrate the desire of recent authors to restore to the stage something of its old preaching function, and, specifically, by abstractions or unmistakable types.

Still further practice of this genre would most probably benefit writers not a little. To adjust the morality to modern conditions means ability to see life

whole, and what it signifies in the old simple terms of love and hate, greed and self-sacrifice, vanity and humility; it means reducing existence to its elements. Who shall say that history might not repeat itself; that, as the Shakespearean drama grew out of the all-embracing moralities, so similar experimenting might not furnish the secret of how to present situations naturally and at the same time vitally for all ages? Modern generations have unquestionably suffered in almost losing the instinct for the abstract and the allegorical. Probably to a great many persons to-day "Everyman," like "Pilgrim's Progress," is a "Sunday-school story," even to those whom the play for the moment moved. It must be confessed that at least the imitations of this drama did not give to abstractions the objectivity through which alone these can become powerful. Their authors could not assume that perfect understanding on the part of the audience which used to exist in the days when the "Nice Wanton" strutted so bravely and naturally to doom. Simple allegory, just now, is apt to appear child's play. Broadly speaking, it has been hurt by the hold of literalness on the one side, and on the other by that very complex allegory, beloved of Maeterlinck, which all too easily merges into an almost unintelligible symbolism. Virtue and Vice, set in a confusing rainbow of poetic images, are not, any more than when in the employ of the too conscious teacher, truly effective.

Properly managed, practice in dramatic allegory should facilitate the sketching of types of human existence and distinguishing of genuine types from mechanical divisions. This is a matter to which the American playwright especially has given little thought. Types he has fancied that he was dealing in. He has drawn the Yankee, the Southern colonel, the cowboy; latterly the captain of industry, the political boss, the travelling salesman, the slum child and the pampered darling. But these are, after all, markings on the surface only. Let most of these characters be placed within the true old framework of the morality, and what becomes of them? Many of them would vanish in mid-air, having none of the underlying qualities of which real types are composed. The capitalist and politician should not always be painted black, and the slum child is not always the special victim of injustice. It was, of course, natural that the rapid development of American life should centre attention largely upon externals. But just now life in this country is growing to be surprisingly homogeneous. Even the traditional geographical distinctions seem to be passing. The Down-Easter, the Southerner, and the Westerner meet together and seem to understand one another. What this means for the stage is that

writers have got to re-classify their material by getting deeper into it and by placing the emphasis upon the qualities which have long been held essential. They could not do better than to keep the plan of the moralities well in mind. For, after all, the chief concern for the writer is to be able to recognize and label the good and the bad, whether in youth or in age, in a sombrero or in a silk hat. Adopting broad outlines, as was done in "Everyman," is likely to lead to drama of wider and truer appeal than is the sort of artificial specialization which has been tried so much of late.

Music

In commenting on the recent death of Giulio Ricordi, the Italian music despot, whose control of the works of Verdi and Puccini gave him tremendous power over all the Italian opera houses and many houses in other countries, a German journalist calls attention to the fact that Ricordi also controlled the rights to the performances in Italy of Wagner's operas. While admitting that he provided for some very good performances of these operas in several Italian cities, the same writer remarks that Ricordi took care not to have Wagner given too often to the detriment of other operas owned by him, including those of Boito and Franchetti. The successor of the deceased publisher is his son Tito, who was in America two years ago to help stage "The Girl of the Golden West."

On the second day of last month a number of prominent French musicians and men of letters made an excursion from Paris to Bougival. The object of the excursion was to put a tablet on the house in which Bizet died on June 2, 1875. Addresses were made by Pierre Lafitte, Xavier Leroux, and others, in which the speakers dwelt on the fact that Bizet was a genius whose greatness was not known until after his death. "Carmen" and "L'Arlesienne" were referred to as immortal types of genuine French melody, of music racy of the soil. The town of Bougival was a favorite resort of Sardou, Halévy, Dumas, Turgenieff, and other noted men. When Bizet went there the last time his health was impaired and his heart broken by the conviction that "Carmen" was a complete failure, a conviction forced on him by the adverse criticisms, the indifference of the public, and the steadily diminishing box-office receipts.

The Berlin buffo tenor, Julius Lieban, has retired from the stage after singing in that city twenty-nine years. He first attracted attention as a member of Angelo Neumann's travelling Wagner Company, and his best rôle was Mime in "Rheingold" and "Siegfried," in which, in his best day, he almost equalled Albert Reiss.

Humperdinck's melodious and emotional "Königskinder" (the most inspired opera written since "Carmen," with the possible exception of Paderewski's "Manru"), has won lasting favor in all the German cities where it was properly sung. The critics were ready with their usual carping and

doubts, but the public took the opera to heart at once.

At a recent London conference of men interested in the commercial side of music, one of the points discussed related to the differences between publishers and music sellers in regard to prices, a topic upon which there appeared much to be said on both sides. One of the recommendations was that the present discount system should be abolished, and the one-price system adopted, and that the price should be clearly marked on every sheet of music sold. It was argued that as the booksellers adopted a similar system a few years ago with reference to novels, the music trade could safely follow the experiment.

The most fertile of all composers, Max Reger, has completed his opus 123, which is entitled a "Concerto in the old style for a small orchestra." The publishers are Bote & Bock, Berlin, and the first performance will be at Hamburg on October 28.

Jean-Jacques Rousseau was famed in his day as a composer. His opera, "Le Devin du Village," was first sung in 1752. A few weeks ago it was revived in Paris, by way of celebrating Rousseau's bicentenary. Rousseau was also the author of the first musical dictionary in the French language. In it no distinction is made between "suite" and "sonata." In the musical war between the Italians and the French, he sided at first with the Italians, declaring that the French language was not suited for musical settings. Oddly enough, it was a German, Gluck, who, by the elegance of his style and expressive use of words, convinced Rousseau of his error and made him take back what he had said.

The late Jan Blockx was not so well known, the Belgians think, outside of his native country as he deserved to be. He began his career at the age of twenty-five by bringing out a collection of Flemish folksongs, entitled "Ons Vaderland." The best of his operas, "The Tavern Princess," was produced in New York by Hammerstein, and carried his fame all over Europe; but his other works have been mostly ignored abroad. In 1900 he began a "Till Eulenspiegel," but never got beyond the first act.

Art

A History of Fine Art in India and Ceylon. By Vincent A. Smith. Oxford: The Clarendon Press (Frowde). Large quarto, 386 illustrations. \$19.25 net.

As a condensed discussion of the chief monuments with complete bibliographies, this book immediately approves itself as useful. And in general the distribution of space is judicious. Sculpture is most fully treated, occupying about half of the five hundred pages. The introductory chapter is devoted to a general sketch of the architecture. The later semi-European buildings of the Mogul Emperors and the fascinating development that Persian miniature painting received in their courts are noted at length. Here excellent plates in gold

and colors illustrate the sumptuous refinement of this heterodox art. As a conspectus of the field the book may be compared with such a work as Dalton's "Byzantine Art and Archeology," gaining, however, a more personal quality through the author's long contact with the material and through his frankly communicated prejudices.

There is in the book an odd mixture of detachment and special pleading. For our author the extra pair of arms of a Siva is always an offence. Why this is worse than a centaur, a satyr, a sphinx, or a beast-headed Egyptian god does not appear. In fact, in the best bronzes of dancing Siva the superfluous arms seem valuable factors in animation. For such specific dissent our author atones by a valiant attempt to justify the term "fine art" as applied to India. It is significant that the endeavor puts him constantly on the defensive, and it seems to us that the case is far from proved.

India seems the classic instance of a civilization deeply versed in the industrial arts, but failing to make the next higher step. Against Mr. Havell and recent native critics who celebrate the glories of the ancient Asoka style, it might be reasonably argued that India first enters the field of the fine arts with the great Mogul emperors of the seventeenth century. The apologists for the archaic work virtually rest their case upon religious considerations. The advocate of Indian art must meet the following difficulties: (1) The lack of any principle of proportion in the old temples, (2) the tasteless profusion of sculpture upon these temples, which is destructive both of its effect as sculpture and of any repose the building might inherently have had, (3) the fact that the finest monuments of Buddhism are not found in India, where the cult originated, but in China, Turkestan, and Japan, (4) the correlated fact that Indian art always improves by exportation, as may be seen in Ceylon, Cambodia, Tibet, (5) the ready penetrability of India by foreign strains, successively Hellenistic, Sasanian, old Persian, Chinese, Italian, and neo-Persian. Such facts seem to show quite obviously that India never attained the degree of unity and national self-consciousness that makes possible a progressive and consistent racial expression through the fine arts. In a narrower sense than was the case even in Egypt, art remained the abject handmaid of religion.

Excepting the Mogul art, which was that of ultra-refined invaders, and perhaps neither more nor less significant than the courtly art of France in the eighteenth century, there are not a dozen plates in this volume, containing nearly four hundred, which give your reviewer the sense of a thing nobly conceived and finely executed. And it should be recalled that these plates represent flattering excerpts from confused

ensembles. The merit which appears in the cut would be obscure in the monument itself. Immensely richer would be similar excerpts from any famous mediæval building in Europe. Notre Dame at Paris, for example, would offer perhaps a hundred times more evidence for greatness in sculpture than our author has been able to present for all India.

Yet precisely because India remained in the incipient stages of art, this history is most instructive. No great plastic or graphic art could grow out of any nation that consistently believed life to be evil and the world of appearances to be illusion. Tempered with such ro-buster practices as ancestor worship or with the delicate epicureanism of the Zen sect, the skeptical monism of India became fecund of art in China and Japan. Some degree of conscious love of life underlies all the finer expressions of art, and some degree of racial and national consciousness must be attained before a race or a nation can attain a central and representative art. Art as mere symbolism, art as a transitory adornment to be repudiated as moral perfection and sagehood were reached—these were the leading ideas of the best minds of India, and there are obviously anti-aesthetic ideas. No wonder then that, save as her conquerors have brought in the pride of life, India has remained in the sub-aesthetic stage.

The essential abstractness of the old Brahmanism, with which Buddhism ever temporized, forbade it appropriate visible symbols. Thus the painting and sculpture of old India seem a kind of base and ineffectual vulgarization of ideas incomunicable under the conditions of objectivity required by the fine arts. The real sages of whatever persuasion must have disapproved such futile symbolism. There is abundant literature of many sorts in India, but no ancient pundit ever thought it worth his while to write on the fine arts. Contrast with this condition the early aesthetic literature of Greece, China, and Japan. In fact, to a Hindu adept of old-time the modern native vindications of the art of India would seem supremely inconsequent, and the art itself would probably look no more important than the Alaskan totem poles do to aesthetic frequenters of ethnological museums.

In our quarrel with his title we have perhaps done less than justice to Mr. Smith's solid, learned, and informing book. It is an indispensable repertory of facts for all who would follow the subject into the realm of ideas.

The death is reported of Oscar L. Lenz, the sculptor, in his thirty-ninth year. He had studied in Paris under Saulierre, and in this country was a student of Saint-Gaudens. He executed part of the designs of the Court of Honor at Chicago, the Colonial group at Charleston, S. C., and some of the figures in the Pennsylvania Railroad Station in New York.

Finance

JULY INVESTORS AND THE BOND MARKET.

With the turn of the half-year, there has naturally been a revival of interest in the bond market and in the prospects for quick employment of the funds paid out as July 1 interest and dividend disbursements. The question is not only occupying attention here, but in the European markets as well, for they have all been more or less disturbed for weeks past by both the efforts to finance the half-yearly payments and by the embarrassment of various bond syndicates which have found themselves loaded with bonds for which they could not find a market.

At London there has been real disturbance attending the steady fall in the price of British consols; and the belated efforts of the Government to appropriate a portion of the sinking fund in order to stop the decline in the national security have excited wide comment throughout the financial world. In Paris also an effort has been made to strengthen the market for French rents and to fortify the position of the banks, which for months past have been tied up with various securities that they could not sell advantageously. In Germany the situation has been further complicated by the stringency of the money market, which is emphasized by the unusual inducements offered by the Berlin banks to procure heavy advances from London, New York, and Paris. At Amsterdam also a glut in the bond market has made it impossible for the bankers to bring out the new issues which are ordinarily offered at this time of the year.

In comparison, therefore, with conditions prevailing abroad, the American market has been much more comfortably situated, despite the fact that new security issues here for the year 1912 to date have surpassed the records of all other years. Figures for the half-year are not yet available, but for the five months ending May 31 it has been shown that railway and industrial issues aggregated \$1,265,000,000, as against \$991,000,000 in the same five months last year and \$917,000,000 in 1910, the increase above 1911 being 28 per cent., and above the year preceding 35 per cent. That the rate of new security issues here promises to establish for 1912 a certain high record was emphasized on Wednesday of last week, when the Governing Committee of the Stock Exchange, holding its last regular meeting before the summer vacation, admitted to listing the largest aggregate in par value of new securities that has been introduced to trading on the Exchange since the billion dollars, par value, of United States Steel stocks

were put on the list in 1901. The aggregate was more than \$430,000,000, and while part of it represented substitution of new securities for old, still a very large proportion reflected the issuance of entirely new corporation stocks and bonds.

Thus, while it can be shown that the demand on capital is continuing on a large scale, and that securities are being turned out in tremendous volume, it is plain that on the surface, at least, there has been neither the congestion seen at London nor the money market disturbance which has so long been the feature of the market in Berlin. One development which has had considerable influence here is the increased inquiry from the savings banks, which last year and the year before did very little bond buying around July 1. These institutions for several weeks past have been quietly picking up high-grade bonds, and, because of the larger excess of deposits above withdrawals, are now in a position, barring unforeseen complications, to continue such investment purchases for some time to come.

Because of the country's Presidential election next November and of the extreme violence shown at the nominating Conventions, unusual interest is manifested in the probable attitude of the investing public after the disbursements during June of nearly \$260,000,000 in interest and dividends. The city of Philadelphia last week found it possible to obtain par for a small block of 4 per cent. bonds. Other municipalities have marketed small issues of high-grade bonds on that basis. But in cases where large offerings have been attempted it has been difficult to obtain the support of individual investors on any such terms. An international banker of unusual shrewdness in judging investment conditions gave it as his opinion that none of the great railway corporations would find it possible to sell even the best bonds this year at terms which offered the investor much less than 4½ per cent.

With all the important banks and trust companies, the chief inquiry still is for short-term notes or for bonds with only one or two years to run. The demand for short-term notes is still so broad as to suggest that there will be further important issues made by corporations having in the near future to borrow large amounts. For the year to date the volume of notes put out by railway companies has been \$60,000,000 less than last year, although an increase in industrial note sales, induced by the abundance of money at low rates of interest, has in considerable measure offset the decrease. The bulk of the gain in the total of corporation emissions this year has been in stocks bearing a liberal rate of interest; the high yields shown by these has compelled the rail-

ways to withhold from the market new bonds carrying a moderate rate of return.

It now remains to be seen how far the heavy financing of the year to date will operate against a broad expansion in the bond market later in the year. It was the flattening out of the bond market boom of 1908 which contributed to shortening the industrial recovery which succeeded the panic of 1907.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Bacon, E. M., and Wyman, M. Direct Elections and Law-making by Popular Vote. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. \$1 net.

Dowd, E. C. Playtime Games for Boys and Girls. Phila.: Jacobs & Co. 75 cents net.

Drews, Arthur. The Witnesses to the Historicity of Jesus. Trans. by J. McCabe. Chicago: Open Court Pub. Co. \$2.25 net.

Hosmer, Harriet. Letters and Memories. Edited by Cornelia Carr. Moffat, Yard. \$3.

Lowrie, Donald. My Life in Prison. Mitchell Kennerley. \$1.25 net.

Martin, C. M. Italy (When Mother Lets Us Travel series). Moffat, Yard. \$1 net.

Moyer, A. C. A Romance of the Road. Chicago: Laird & Lee. \$1.

Müller, J. P. My System for Ladies. Stechert.

Myers, Gustavus. History of the Supreme Court of the U. S. Chicago: Kerr & Co. "N." The Prophet. Broadway Pub. Co. \$1.50.

Peters, E. W. The Preservation of Mine Timbers. Washington: Government Ptg. Office.

Sachs, Julius. The American Secondary School and Some of Its Problems. Macmillan. \$1.10 net.

Scharlieb, Mary. Womanhood and Race-Regeneration. Moffat, Yard. 50 cents net.

Scott, Morgan. Oakdale Boys in Camp. Hurst & Co. 60 cents.

Sombart's Die Zukunft der Juden. Leipzig: Duncker & Sumbolt.

Weill, Félix. French Newspaper Reader. With notes and exercises. American Book Co. 50 cents.

Weir, James. The Energy System of Matter. Longmans.

Wilcox, D. F. Government by All the People. Macmillan. \$1.50 net.

Woorishoffer, Carola. Her Life and Work. Bryn Mawr College, class of 1907.

Wood, R. K. The Tourist's Russia. Dodd, Mead.

Zenner, Philip. Mind Cure and Other Essays. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Company. \$1.25 net.

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Snow's Fundamentals of French Grammar

By W. B. SNOW, Head of the Department of Romance Languages, English High School, Boston. xi+267 pp. 12mo. \$1.15.

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